

The Canterbury Poets



HUMOROUS POEMS



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The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

HUMOROUS POEMS.

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THE CENTURY. EDI-
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PREFACE.

SLECTIONS from the humorous poetry of England and America have already been made, and hence the present compilation has no claims to special originality of subject or of design. It is brief, and, I trust, it is comprehensive ; it includes many writers, and I think it gives examples of their best. The book may perhaps be found to be an agreeable companion—a companion of unfailing good spirits and of cheerful countenance. It is not within my purpose to offer much that is of the nature of criticism. I am content to furnish some plain and useful biographical and bibliographical information concerning the authors whom I lay under contribution. Readers who wish for criticism of comic poetry may find it in many places, and of various degrees of interest and merit. The editor of a

selection of comic poetry works against serious odds. Nearly every lover of the humorous has his own pet piece. For this piece he will look first. If he find it he will be tolerant to the book containing it : if he miss it his sympathy will be straightway and irretrievably lost. Of course I have to lay my account with such strong pre-dilections, and I shall be happy if I have not outraged too many of them. It has been one of my aims to include the humorous poems of poets who are not chiefly remarkable for humour. I trust I have included nothing that is bad, but I will not be so rash as to hope that I have included everything that is good. My space is narrow, my plan is bounded by many limitations, and among my hampering difficulties is that of atoning for coming latest by being perhaps the freshest of my rather numerous clan. Much of this volume is still copyright, and for the courtesy of copyright holders—authors and publishers—I return my own, my editor's, and my publisher's best thanks. But if, notwithstanding some care and industry, I have included any copyright piece without the necessary permission, it has been quite unwittingly, and I shall hope to be pardoned for the over-

sight. Unfortunately the rigid rule of more than one publishing firm has excluded several writers of high importance.

During the preparation of this volume I have received many interesting letters, and I cannot deny my readers the benefit of one of them. It has always been supposed that Mr. "Lewis Carroll," the author of those delightful books, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*; *Through the Looking Glass*; and *Phantasmagoria*, was the Rev. CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, of Oxford. But what says Mr. Dodgson himself? I received the following letter, which, I should not forget to say, is in typewriting, the envelope being addressed by the same process:—

"CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, Nov. 2, 1888.

"Mr. C. L. Dodgson begs to say, in reply to Mr. Caine's letter, received this morning, that he has never put his name to any such pieces as are named by Mr. Caine. His published writings are exclusively mathematical, and would not be suitable for such a volume as Mr. Caine proposes to edit."

Is this also a touch of his quality?

R. H. C.

WRITERS OF THE PAST.

Humorous Poetry.

NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nothing ! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ?
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size is thine,
Nor words nor fingers can thy voice express ;
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be,
And though thou art with nobody nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain ;
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue ;
What labouring hands thy portion only gain ;
What busy-bodies thy doings only do !
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
V And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

Richard Porson.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,

With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down
tumbled,

And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.

"Oh ! what shall I do now ? 'twas looking at you, now ;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
'Twas the pride of my dairy ! O Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine !"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain ;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

Edward Lysaght.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

AT Wapping I landed, and called to hail Mog ;

She had just shaped her course to the play :

Of two rums and one water I ordered my grog,

And to speak her soon stood under weigh.

But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,

Like a lubber so raw and so soft ;

Half-a-George handed out, at the change did not look,

Manned the ratlins, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
 With many a coxcomb and flirt,
 Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears
 I thought there'd been somebody hurt ;
 But the devil a bit—'twas your outlandish rips
 Singing out with their lanterns of jaws ;
 You'd ha' swored you'd been taking of one of they trips
 'Mongst the Caffres or wild Catabaws.

" What's the play, Ma'am ? " says I, to a good-natured tit.

" The play ! 'tis the *uproar*, you quiz."
 " My timbers," cried I, " the right name on't you've hit,
 For the devil an uproar it is."
 For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft ;
 If it wa'n't for the petticoat gear,
 With their squeaking so mollyish, tender, and soft,
 One should scarcely know ma'am from mounseer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
 All springing and bounding so neat,
 And spessiously one curious Madamaselle,—
 Oh, she daintily handled her feet !
 But she hopped, and she sprawled, and she spun round
 so queer,
 'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me ;
 And so I sang out, " Pray be decent, my dear ;
 Consider I'm just come from sea.

" Taint an Englishman's taste to have none of these
 goes ;
 So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
 Leaving all your fine Bantums and Ma'am Parisoies,
 For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog."

POOR JACK.

So I made for the theatre, and hailed my dear spouse ;
 She smiled as she sawed me approach ;
 And, when I'd shook hands and saluted her bows,
 We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

Charles Dibdin.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger and fear and the like ;
 A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
 And 'tain't to a little I'll strike ;
 Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth,
 should smite
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
 tight,
 And under reefed fore-sail we'll scud :
 Avast ! now don't think me a milksop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback ;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;

And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow :
For, says he, do ye mind me, let storms ere so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
Why, what a d——d fool you must be !
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us
all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you'll never hear of me more:
What then?—all's a hazard ; come, then, don't be so soft,—
Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friends',
And as for my life, 'tis the King's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for Poor Jack.

Charles Dibdin.

THE FAIR MAID OF PASSAGE.*

O ! FAIR maid of Passage,
 As plump as a sassage,
 And as mild as a kitten,
 Those eyes in your face !—
 Yerrah ! pity my case,
 For poor Dermuid is smitten !
 Far softer nor silk,
 And more white than new milk,
 Oh, your lily-white hand is ;
 Your lips red as cherries,
 And your eyes like blackberries,
 And you're straight as the wand is !

Your talk is so quare,
 And your sweet curly hair,
 Is as black as the devil ;
 And your breath is as sweet, too,
 As any potato,
 Or orange from Seville.
 When dressed in her bodice
 She trips like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky ;
 One kiss from her cheek,
 'Tis so soft and so sleek
 That 'twould warm me like whisky.

So I sobs and I pine,
 And I grunts like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel ;
 No rest can I take,
 All asleep or awake,
 But I dreams of my jewel.

* Passage is the town now named Queenstown, Cork.

Your hate, then, give over,
 Nor Dermuid, your lover,
 So cruelly handle ;
 Or, faith, Dermuid must die,
 Like a pig in a stye,
 Or the snuff of a candle.

Richard Alfred Milliken.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
 Most musical cried " Razors," up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteenpence ;
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man should buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,
 Poor Hodge ! who suffered by a thick black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose;
 With cheerfulness the eighteenpence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose !

" No matter if the fellow be a knave,
 Provided that the razors shave :
 It *sartinely* will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—
 All were impostors—“ Ah ! ” Hodge sighed,
 “ I wish my eighteenpence were in my purse.”

In vain, to chase his beard and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and
 swore,
 Brought blood, and danced, reviled, and made wry
 faces,
 And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er :

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
 Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods :
 “ Razors ! a base, confounded dog !
 Not fit to scrape a hog ! ”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
 “ Perhaps, Mister Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
 That people flay themselves out of their lives ;
 You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
 Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing
 With razors just like oyster-knives.
 Sirrah, I tell you you're a knave,
 To cry up razors that can't shave.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm no knave ;
 As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my word, I never thought
 That they would shave.”

" Not think they'd shave ! " quoth Hodge with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
" What were they made for, then, you dog ? " he cries.
" Made ! " quoth the fellow, with a smile—" to sell."

Dr. Wolcot.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN ! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee ;
Surely experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are nought ;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh, Memory ! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing ;
But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over !
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her !
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows !
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth !
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo ! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
" Woman ! thy vows are trac'd in sand."

Lord Byron.

A COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.

THE gentlemen got up betimes to shoot
Or hunt : the young, because they liked the sport
The very first thing boys like after play and fruit ;
The middle-aged to make the day more short ;
For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language :—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,
And made upon the hothouse several strictures ;
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures ;
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing, at sixty, for the hour of six.

But none were *géné* : the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell ; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd ; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad ;

Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
And settled bonnets by the newest code ;
Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.

The earth has nothing like a she-epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.

I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But, full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle
When he allured poor Dolon :—You had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

Then there were billiards ; cards, too, but *no dice* ;—

Save in the clubs, no man of honour plays ;—
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days :
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

With evening came the banquet and the wine ;

The conversazione ; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine ;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field-days,

For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze :
Then there was small-talk ready when required ;

Flirtation—but decorous ; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired.
The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres :
The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
To introduce a *bon mot*, head and ears.
Small is the rest of those who would be smart;
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it ;
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
In this our party ; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
There now are no Squire Westerns, as of old ;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

They separated at an early hour ;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon :
But in the country, ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
May the rose call back its true colour soon !
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.

Lord Byron.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

A DIALOGUE IN SOPHICS.

Friend of Humanity.

“ NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
 Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in’t,
 So have your breeches !

“ Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
 Road, what hard work ‘tis crying all day, ‘ Knives and
 Scissors to grind, O ! ’

“ Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
 Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
 Or the attorney ?

“ Was it the squire for killing of his game, or
 Covetous parson for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit ?

“(Have you not read the ‘Rights of Man,’ by Tom Paine?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.”

Knife-grinder.

“ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
 Only last night, a drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

“ Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

“ I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

Friend of Humanity.

“ I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast ! ”

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit
in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy.]

George Canning.

CUPID.

WHY was Cupid a boy,
And why a boy was he ?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye ;
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man :

And then he's so pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

William Blake.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

DEAR mother, dear mother, the Church is cold ;
But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well ;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

But, if at the Church they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring ;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

William Blake.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

(ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE, A POPULAR VENTRILOQUIST.)

OF yore, in Old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood :
What should folks say to *you*? who have faces so plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night show'd us
twenty !

Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse ?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house ?
Each live thing, did I ask ?—each dead implement, too,
A workshop in your person,—saw, chisel, and screw !
Above all, are you one individual ?—I know
You must be, at least, Alexandre & Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the sheriff,* should take up the job ;
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot-act, and bid you disperse !

Sir Walter Scott.

1824.

* Sir Walter Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

NORA'S VOW.

[In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—except the vehemence of her protestations.]

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—
 “The Earlie’s son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or won,
 I would not wed the Earlie’s son.”

“A maiden’s vows,” old Callum spoke,
 “Are lightly made and lightly broke.
 The heather on the mountain’s height
 Begins to bloom in purple light ;
 The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
 Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 May blithely wed the Earlie’s son.”

“The swan,” she said, “the lake’s clear breast
 May barter for the eagle’s nest ;
 The Awe’s fierce stream may backward turn,
 Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn ;
 Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 Before their foes may turn and fly ;
 But I, were all these marvels done,
 Would never wed the Earlie’s son.”

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made ;
 Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel ;
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,
 -- She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

Sir Walter Scott.

1816.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm upon earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,
 And backward and forward he switched his long
 tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how, then, was the Devil drest ?
 Oh, he was in his Sunday best ;
 His jacket was red, and his breeches were blue,
 And there was a hole where his tail came through.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable ;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his own vocations ;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility ;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he ! we are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once,
Fast by the tree of knowledge.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the
while
It cut its own throat. There ! quoth he, with a
smile,
Goes "England's commercial prosperity."

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell ;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

General Gascoigne's burning face
He saw with consternation ;
And back to hell his way did take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
It was a general conflagration.

S. T. Coleridge.

SENTIMENTAL.

THE rose that blushes like the morn
 Bedecks the valleys low ;
 And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
 My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn
 That breeds disastrous woe ;
 And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
 On Angelina's toe.

S. T. Coleridge.

A BUCK.

So Mr. Baker heart did pluck—
 And did a-courtin' go !
 And Mr. Baker is a buck ;
 For why? he *needs* the doe.

S. T. Coleridge.

A RHYMESTER.

JEM writes his verses with more speed
 Than the printer's boy can set 'em ;
 Quite as fast as we can read,
 And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

S. T. Coleridge.

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC
COUNTRY.

AND this rest house is that, the which he built,
 Lamented Jack ! and here his malt he piled,
 Cautious in vain ! these rats that squeak so wild,
 Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
 Did he not see her gleaming through the glade ?
 Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
 What though she milked no cow with crumpled horn,
 Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she strayed :
 And, aye beside her stalks her amorous knight !
 Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
 And through those brogues, still tattered and betorn,
 His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.
 Ah ! thus through broken clouds at night's high noon
 Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest
 moon !

S. T. Coleridge.

COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenchess ;
 I counted two and seventy stenches,
 All well defined, and several stinks !
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, Nymphs ! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

S. T. Coleridge.

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES.*

HOARSE Mævius reads his hobbling verse
 To all, and at all times;
 And deems them both divinely smooth,
 His voice, as well as rhymes.

But folks say,—“ Mævius is an ass ! ”
 But Mævius makes it clear
 That he's a monster of an ass,
 An ass without an ear.

S. T. Coleridge.

ON A BAD SINGER.

SWANS sing before they die :—'twere no bad thing,
 Should certain persons die before they sing.

S. T. Coleridge.

GILES'S HOPE.

WHAT? rise again with *all* one's bones,
 Quoth Giles, I hope you fib:
 I trusted, when I went to Heaven,
 . To go without my rib.

S. T. Coleridge.

* Said to be from the German.

WORK.

WHO first invented Work, and bound the free
 And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
 To the ever-haunting importunity
 Of business in the green fields, and the town—
 To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,
 To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
 Who but the Eeing unblest, alien from good,
 Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
 Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
 That round and round uncalculably reel—
 For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
 In that red realm from which are no returnings:
 Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,
 He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.

Charles Lamb.

PINDARIC ODE TO THE TREADMILL.

I.

INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,
 That sang the Pillory,
 In loftier strains to show
 A more sublime Machine
 Than that where thou wert seen
 With neck out-strech't and shoulders ill awry,
 Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—
 A most unseemly show!

II.

In such a place
 Who could expose thy face,

Historiographer of deathless Crusoe !
 That paint'st the strife
 And all the naked ills of savage life,
 Far above Rousseau ?
 Rather myself had stood
 In that ignoble wood,
 Bare to the mob, on holiday or high day.
 If naught else could atone
 For waggish libel,
 I swear on Bible,
 I would have spared him for thy sake alone,
 Man Friday !

III.

Our ancestors' were sour days,
 Great Master of Romance !
 A milder doom had fallen to thy chance
 In our days :
 Thy sole assignment
 Some solitary confinement
 (Not worth thy care a carrot,)
 Where, in world-hidden cell
 Thou thy own Crusoe might have acted well,
 Only without the parrot ;
 By sure experience taught to know,
 Whether the qualms thou makest him feel were
 truly such or no.

IV.

But stay ! methinks in statelier measure—
 A more companionable pleasure—
 I see thy steps the mighty Treadmill trace
 (The subject of my song,

Delay'd however long,)
And some of thine own race,
To keep thee company, thou bring'st with thee
 along.
There with thee go,
Link'd in like sentence,
With regulated pace and footing slow,
Each old acquaintance,
Rogue, thief—that live to future ages
Through many a labour'd tome,
Rankly embalm'd in thy too natural pages.
Faith, friend De Foe, thou art quite at home!
Not one of thy great offspring thou dost lack,
From pirate Singleton to pilfering Jack.
Here Flandrian Moll her brazen incest brags;
Vice-stript Roxana, penitent in rags,
There points to Amy, treading equal chimes,
The faithful handmaid to her faithless crimes.

v.

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill!
That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill,)
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrim'd before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human or divine.

VI.

Compared with thee,
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect?
Thou dost not bump,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time
And leisure to be good;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

VII.

Thou best philosopher made out of wood!
Not that which framed thy tub,
Where sate the Cynic cub,
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system is all merely
Peripatetic.
Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality,
(A new art),
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A "Walking Stewart!"

Charles Lamb.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

I SING of a queer set of fellows
Who meet once a week just to prate ;
Some gabble, and some blow the bellows,
 While others, good lack !
 Go clickety clack
 With tongue and with wrist,
 Knee, body, and fist,
And bellow, harangue, and debate ;
Till the President, finding it past ten o'clock,
Cries, Silence, and gives with his hammer a knock.
 Look ye here,
 Mr. Chair,
 All confusion, I declare—
 All confusion, all confusion,
 All confusion, I declare ;
 Order, order, order, order,
 Chair, chair, chair !

The question for this night's discussion—
Pray, gentlemen, be better bred—
Is this—if a Turk or a Russian
Were born, if you please,
At the Antipodes,
Where moon there is none,
And never a sun,
But darkness is light,
And morning is night,
He would walk on his heels or his head ?
Will nobody get up ? The evening grows late,
Hats off ! A new member begins the debate.
 Look ye here, etc.

He sat down—then up rose a second,
 The second he called up another ;
 Four, five, six, and seven were reckoned,
 Eight, nine, ten, eleven,
 To eloquence given ;
 All chatter and prate,
 Harangue and debate,
 Till argument sticks,
 And boxes and kicks
 Bring noise, and confusion, and bother ;
 Till the President, finding it past ten o'clock,
 Cries, Silence, and gives with his hammer a knock.
 Look ye here, etc.

James Smith.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT.

BY W. W.

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

My brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on New Year's Day ;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop
 Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
 And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh my stars !
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door :
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite ;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth !
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, " O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury Lane for you to-day ! "
And while papa said, " Pooh, she may ! "
Mamma said, " No, she shan't ! "

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind ;
The tails of both hung down behind ;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
 Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
 And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
 (I always talk to Sam) :
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am ?

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick,
 As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
 As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound :
And there's a row of lamps ; my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing. . .
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing—
 Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love,—
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

You've only got to curtsey, whisper,
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And, if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

James Smith.

[This poem is from the collection known as the *Rejected Addresses*. For the benefit of any reader unacquainted with the circumstances under which the "Baby's Début" was written it may be stated that after the destruction by fire of Drury Lane Theatre, the directors offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken at the opening of the new building. James Smith, in conjunction with his brother Horace, took advantage of this, and wrote addresses in the styles of the leading writers of the day, the poem here given being a humorous imitation of Wordsworth.]

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many tricks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his Serene and raging Highness :
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows : his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed, " 'Tis time to stop that breath :
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death :

Silence, base rebel ! no replying !
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That, of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the mode of dying.”
 “Thy royal will be done—’tis just,”
 Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust.
 “Since my last moment to assuage,
 Your majesty’s humane decree
 Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
 I’ll die, so please you, of old age !”

Horace Smith.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a school-boy, aged ten,
 Oh, mighty little Greek I knew ;
 With my short striped trousers, and now and then
 With stripes upon my jacket too !
 When I saw other boys to the playground run,
 I threw my old Gradus by,
 And I left the task I had scarce begun ;—
 There’ll be time enough for that, said I.

When I was at college my pride was dress,
 And my groom and my bit of blood ;
 But as for my study, I must confess
 That I was content with my stud.
 I was deep in my tradesmen’s books, I’m afraid,
 Though not in my own, by-the-bye ;
 And when rascally tailors came to be paid,
 There’ll be time enough for that, said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme ;
And I talked to myself in a shady grove
Till I thought I was quite sublime.
I was torn from my love !—'twas a dreadful blow,
And the lady she wiped her eye ;
But I didn't die of grief—oh, dear me, no !—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

The next was a lady of rank, a dame
With blood in her veins you see ;
With the leaves of the Peerage she fanned the
flame
That was now consuming me.
But though of her great descent she spoke,
I found she was still very high ;
And I thought looking up to a wife no joke—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next *penchant* was for one whose face
Was her fortune, she was so fair !
Oh, she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
But a man cannot live upon air ;
And when Poverty enters the door, young Love
Will out of the casement fly ;
The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next was a lady who loved romance,
And wrote very splendid things ;
And she said with a sneer, when I asked her to
dance,
“Sir, I ride upon a horse with wings !”

There was ink upon her thumb when I kissed her hand,
And she whispered, " If you should die,
I will write you an epitaph gloomy and grand; "—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I left her, and sported my figure and face
At opera, party, and ball ;
I met pretty girls at ev'ry place,
But I found a defect in all !
The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,
The second, I cannot say why ;
And the third—Bless me, I will not marry *now* ;
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace
A sort of a wrinkle or two ;
So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face,
And come out as good as new.
To my hair I imparted a little more jet,
And I scarce could suppress a sigh ;
But I cannot be quite an old bachelor yet—
No, there's time enough for that, said I.

I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
All the airs of a juvenile beau ;
But somehow, whenever the question I popp'd,
The girls with a laugh said, " No !"
I am sixty to-day—not a very young man—
And a bachelor doomed to die ;
So youths be advised, and marry while you can ;
There's no time to be lost, say I.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma ?
 Why don't the men propose ?
 Each seems just coming to the point,
 And then away he goes ;
 It is no fault of yours, mamma,
 That everybody knows ;
 You *fête* the finest men in town,
 Yet, oh ! they won't propose.

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
 To make a proper match ;
 For coronets and eldest sons,
 I'm ever on the watch ;
 I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
 A glance upon me throws ;
 But though he'll dance and smile and flirt,
 Alas ! he won't propose.

I've tried to win by languishing,
 And dressing like a blue ;
 I've bought big books and talked of them
 As if I'd read them through !
 With hair cropp'd like a man I've felt
 The heads of all the beaux ;
 But Spurzheim could not touch their hearts,
 And oh ! they won't propose.

I threw aside the books, and thought
 'That ignorance was bliss ;
 I felt convinced that men preferred
 A simple sort of Miss ;

And so I lisped out nought beyond
 Plain "yesses" or plain "noes,"
 And wore a sweet unmeaning smile ;
 Yet, oh ! they won't propose.

Last night at Lady Ramble's rout
 I heard Sir Henry Gale
 Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again——"
 I started, turning pale ;
 I really thought my time was come,
 I blushed like any rose ;
 But oh ! I found 'twas only at
Ecarté he'd propose.

And what is to be done, mamma ?
 Oh, what is to be done ?
 I really have no time to lose,
 For I am thirty-one ;
 At balls I am too often left
 Where spinsters sit in rows ;
 Why don't the men propose, mamma ?
 Why *won't* the men propose ?

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

OUT.

OUT, John ! out, John ! What are you about, John ?
 If you don't say out at once, you make the fellow doubt,
 John !
 Say I'm out, whoever calls, and hide my hat and cane,
 John !

Say you've not the least idea when I shall come again,
John !

Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not to call,
John !

Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay them all,
John !

Run, John ! run, John ! There's another dun, John !
If it's Prodgur, bid him call to-morrow week at one,
John !

If he says he saw me at the window as he knocked,
John !

Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are
shocked, John !

Take your pocket-handkerchief and put it to your eye,
John !

Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie,
John !

Oh, John ! go, John ! There's Noodle's knock, I know,
John !

Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and low,
John !

Tell him just before he came you saw me mount the hill,
John !

Say you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill, John !
Then I think you'd better add that if I miss to-day,
John !

You're very sure I mean to call next time I pass his way,
John !—

Hie, John ! fly, John ! I will tell you why, John !
If there is not Grimshaw at the corner, let me die, John !

He will hear of no excuse ; I'm sure he'll search the house, John !

Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John !
Bid him take a chair and wait ; I know he'll not refuse,
John !

While I pop through the little door that opens on the mews, John !

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he ;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ” quoth he,
“ For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply ;
“ But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why ? ”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “ many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

“ If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then ! ”
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

" You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ? "
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

Robert Southey.

THE JILTED NYMPH.

I'M jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :
Never by great or small,
Woo'd or jilted at all ;
Oh, how unhappy's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother call'd out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder, and ball ;
I wish'd him to die, my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
 What though I have met with a fall ?
 Better be courted and jilted,
 Than never be courted at all.
 Woo'd and jilted and all,
 Still I will dance at the ball ;
 And waltz and quadrille
 With light heart and heel,
 With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor,
 Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
 And I hope soon to tell you in future
 That I'm woo'd and married and all :
 Woo'd and married and all,
 What greater bliss can befall?
 And you all shall partake of my bridal cake
 When I'm woo'd and married, and all.

Thomas Campbell.

PHILOSOPHY OF GAMES.

"LIFE," said Tabby, taking snuff,
 "Life's a game at Blindman's Buff."
 "True," said Tabby ; "very true :
 Death's a game of Forfeits too !"

1836.

Laman Blanchard.

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE LOGIC.

The Disconsolate

My heart will break—I'm sure it will :
My lover, yes, my favourite—he
Who seemed my own through good and ill—
Has basely turned his back on me.

The Comforter

Ah ! silly sorrower, weep no more ;
Your lover's *turned his back*, we see ;
But you had *turned his head* before
And *now* he's as he ought to be.

1836.

Laman Blanchard.

THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend, that's lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks ;

Who call and take some favourite tome,
But never read it through ;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one at you.

Behold the bookshelf of a dunce
Who borrows—never lends ;
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut
From view—'tis all in vain;
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut"
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,
For tracts my tears are spilt;
But when they take a book that's bound,
'Tis surely extra guilt.

A circulating library
Is mine—my birds are flown;
There's one odd volume left, to be
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,
But "Moore" was still the cry;
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er everything, however slight,
They seized some airy trammel;
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one
night,
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,
Like Hamlet's, backward go;
And as my tide was ebbing fast,
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon
My books their course had bent ;
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon
I found my “ Marvell ” went.

My “ Mallet ” served to knock me down,
Which makes me thus a talker ;
And once, while I was out of town,
My “ Johnson ” proved a “ Walker.”

While studying o’er the fire one day
My “ Hobbes ” amidst the smoke ;
They bore my “ Colman ” clean away,
And carried off my “ Coke.”

They picked my “ Locke,” to me far more
Than Bramah’s patent’s worth ;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a “ Home ” on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,
Another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing “ Swift,”
As swiftly went my “ Steele.”

“ Hope ” is not now upon my shelf,
Where late he stood elated ;
But, what is strange, my “ Pope ” himself
Is excommunicated.

My little “ Suckling ” in the grave
Is sunk, to swell the ravage ;
And what ’twas Crusoe’s fate to save
’Twas mine to lose—a “ Savage.”

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put
 My frozen hands upon ;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"
 My "Bunyan" has been gone

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went ; oppressed,
 My "Taylor" too must fail ;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,
 In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see
 The "Hood" so late in front ;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"
 Oh ! where was my "Leigh Hunt !"

I tried to laugh, old care to tickle,
 Yet could not "Tickell" touch ;
And then, alas ! I missed my "Mickle,"
 And surely mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,
 My sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"
 Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,
 Exposed alike to odd jeers ;
For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,
 I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

They took my "Horne"—and "Horne Tooke"
 too,
 And thus my treasures flit ;
I feel when I would "Hazlitt" view,
 The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,
If I survive its doom;
How many a bard I doated on
Was swept off—with my "Broome."

My classics would not quiet lie,
A thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry,
"My 'Livy' has eloped!"

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I fixed a lock on "Grey,"
There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from young—am growing pale—
I see my "Butter" fly;
And when they ask about my *ail*,
'Tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my griefs divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my "Burns,"
And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they never found me "Gay,"
They have not left me "Sterne."

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the State ;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well ;
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as gude as new ;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily—
 And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
 “ Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.”

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
 “ And what brings the Laird at sic a like time ? ”
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know ;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, “ Na ; ”
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie ;
 He mounted his mare—he rade cannily ;

And often he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
“ Oh ! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.”

Next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-and-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel tappit-hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

Carolina, Baroness Nairne.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)

Thou tiny image of myself !
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear)

Thou merry, laughing sprite !
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsmeared by sin,
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)

Thou darling of thy sire !
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)

Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;
 Fit playfellows for Fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose !)
 Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife !)
 Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamblike frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown,)
Thou pretty opening rose !
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar !)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

Thomas Hood.

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

I.

RUN !—run for St. Clement's engine !
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singeing—
Oh ! how the poor pawners will craze !
Now where can the turncock be drinking ?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf ?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

II.

The engines !—I hear them come rumbling ;
There's the Phœnix ! the Globe ! and the Sun !
What a row that will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run !

See ! there they come racing and tearing,
 All the street with loud voices is fill'd ;
 Oh ! it's only the firemen a-swearin'
 At a man they've run over and kill'd !

III.

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
 And twinkle like stars in the sky ;
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
 But I never saw water so shy !
 Why, there isn't enough for a snipe,
 And the fire it is fiercer, alas !
 Oh ! instead of the New River pipe,
 They have gone—that they have—to the gas !

IV.

Only look at the poor little P——'s
 On the roof—is there anything sadder ?
 My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
 And they won't be an hour with the ladder !
 But if any one's hot in their feet,
 And in very great haste to be saved,
 Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
 That M'Adam has lately unpaved !

V.

There is some one—I see a dark shape
 At that window, the hottest of all,—
 My good woman, why don't you escape ?
 Never think of your bonnet and shawl :
 If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
 For once in a way to your hurt ?
 When your husband is paying a visit
 There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt !

VI.

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
 Her basins, and teapots, and all
 The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
 But they all break in breaking their fall :
 Such things are not surely the best
 From a two-storey window to throw—
 She might save a good iron-bound chest,
 For there's plenty of people below !

VII.

Oh dear ! what a beautiful flash !
 How it shone thro' the window and door ;
 We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
 When the woman falls thro' with the floor !
 There ! there ! what a volley of flame,
 And then suddenly all is obscured !—
 Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came ;—
 But I hope the poor man is insured !

Thomas Hood.

RONDEAU.

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er
 Behold a worshipful Lord May'r
 Seated in his great civic chair
 So dear ?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
 It is the ninth November day,
 And in his new-born state survey
 One here !

To rise from little into great
 Is pleasant ; but to sink in state
 From high to lowly is a fate
 Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
 Chill'd by the next November blast ;
 His blushing honours only last
 One year !

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
 And moults till not a plume remains—
 The next impending may'r distraints
 His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
 Ah, could his little pleasure live
 Another twelvemonth—he would give
 One ear !

Thomas Hood.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

"I apprehend you!"—*School of Reform.*

Boatman.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off!
 she's under way!

Mrs. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not! good gracious,
what a spray!

Boatman.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those
two brigs!

Mrs. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their
rigs!

Boatman.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of
trim!

Mrs. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a
boat to swim!

Boatman.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's
fault!

Mrs. F.

Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so full of salt!

Boatman.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges
and nuts!

Mrs. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such
ruts!

Boatman.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the
bar.

Mrs. F.

The bar ! what, roads with turnpikes too ? I wonder where they are !

Boatman.

Ho ! Brig ahoy ! hard up ! hard up ! that lubber cannot steer !

Mrs. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock ! I know some danger's near !

Lord, there's a wave ! it's coming in ! and roaring like a bull !

Boatman.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop ! go large, Bill ! keep her full !

Mrs. F.

What, keep her full ! what daring work ! When full, she must go down !

Boatman.

Why, Bill, it lulls ! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town !

Steady your helm ! we'll clear the *Pint* ! lay right for yonder pink !

Mrs. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can ! but they've got a pint of drink !

Boatman.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

Mrs. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they know it by
that speech !
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer !

Boatman.

Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, she's yawning—
keep her near !

Mrs. F.

Keep near ! we're going further off ; the land's behind
our backs.

Boatman.

Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we
tacks ;
We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her out to
sea.

Mrs. F.

Beat who about ? keep who at sea ?—how black they
look at me !

Boatman.

It's veering round—I knew it would ! off with her
head ! stand by !

Mrs. F.

Off with her head ! whose ? where ? what with ?—
an axe I seem to spy !

Boatman.

She can't not keep her own, you see ; we shall have to
pull her in !

Mrs. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have ! my life's not worth a pin !

Boatman.

Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand !

Mrs. F.

The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth ! how every-
thing is plann'd !

Boatman.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand ! now, Ma'am,
just step ashore !

Mrs. F.

What ! ain't I going to be killed—and weltered in my gore ?

Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a-sailing any more !

Thomas Hood.

DOMESTIC ASIDES ;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

“ I REALLY take it very kind
This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner !)

“ Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters’ easels !
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it, p’rhaps, the measles !)

“ Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell’s ;
’Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels !)

“ What ! little Clara left at home ?
Well, now, I call that shabby :
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby !)

“ And Mr. S., I hope he’s well ;
Ah ! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy !)

“ Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage ;
You’re come, of course, to spend the day !—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage !)

“ What ! must you go ? Next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure ;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)

“ Good-bye ! Good-bye ! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners !
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners ! ”)

Thomas Hood.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip!—he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Redcoat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little Manikin;
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom:
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade.
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners:
He must leave his former manners,
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names—
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he may now play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at;
Show his skill and strength at cricket—
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;

Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall ;
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart ;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come ;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This, and more, he must endure—
Hero he in miniature !
This, and more, must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

Mary Lamb.

A PUBLISHER'S EPISTLE.

From Messrs. L—ck—gt—n & Co. to — — —, Esq.

PER post, sir, we send your MS.—look'd it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, sir !—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell.
And though *statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *author* 'tis not so desirable thought.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change*
are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass in their stead
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it !

However, sir—if you're for trying again,
And at something that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a *traveller* greatly.
No job, sir, more easy—your *country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell,—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write parodies, sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the blue-stockings routs of Albina !
(Mind—not to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the *Row*,)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town ;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can
beat him)
To start a fresh poet through Highgate to *meet* him ;
Who by means of quick proofs—no revises—long
coaches—
May do a few *villas*, before Sc—tt approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey.

Such, sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match ! and we'll put you *in training* next week.
At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera,

Temple of the Muses.

Thomas Moore.

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither ;
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like * * * * *, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics ;
Your gaol is for Trav'lers a charming retreat ;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high life in the King's Bench community ;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
To have good “Reminiscences” (three score or
higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much, *per page*,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the
buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,
 So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd ;—
 Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,
 Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu'd'esprits*,
 Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic ;
 Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,*
 That ginger-bread cakes always give them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
 By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—(worthies whose
 lands
 Enclos'd all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
 Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
 Sure of a market ;—should they, too, who pen 'em,
 Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'Sullivan—v-n,†
 Something *extra* allow'd for the additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
 All excellent subjects for turning a penny ;—
 To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
 For attaining, at least, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,
 The material *within* of small consequence is ;—
 Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
 Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her; always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle.*"

† A gentleman who was distinguished by his evidence before the Irish Committees.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—“*Quodcunque in Fund is, assess
it.*”

Thomas Moore.

THE LOOKING GLASSES.

A FABLE.

THERE was a land—to name the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the State,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, passed snugly,
Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your common people, gorgons!

Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turned awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her !) squinted,
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurr'd ;
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord ! the very thought was treason.

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour
As when the face attack'd 's our own.

So on they went—the crowd believing—
(As crowds well governed always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there,—
While some believed it was the weather

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties ;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking glasses, soon
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old-established mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards :—

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste-paper on the shelves ;
That fatal freight had broke the spell ;
People had look'd—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time),
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace :—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true
That what is call'd an ancient line,
Must be a line of Beauty too.

From Dukes, they passed to regal phizzes,
Compared them proudly with their own,
And cried, " How *could* such monstrous quizzes
In Beauty's name usurp the throne ? "

Then they wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon Cosmetical Economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations ;
Besides, what follow'd is the tale
Of all such late-enlightened nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

Thomas Moore.

THE NUN.

Suggested by part of the Italian song, beginning "Se moneca
ti fai."

I.

IF you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be ;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too ;
The doves all take the veil, too ;
The blind will see the show :
What ! you become a nun, my dear !
I'll not believe it, no.

II.

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be ;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chaunt " We trust in thee " :
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine :
What ! you go take the vows, my dear !
You may—but they'll be mine.

Leigh Hunt.

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.*

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
 May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I am
 shrinking ;
 That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
 God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of
 thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals ;
 'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals ;
 Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels,
 Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in ;
 I happen to be one of those—who never could write
 fasting ;
 By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
 Writing so ; I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd, and
 grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation ;
 I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
 Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation :
 It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so ;
 But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so ;
 Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so ;
 But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

* A translation from the Latin of Walter de Mapes, Arch-deacon of Oxford.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have sat and drank—yea, ev'n to
saturation ;
Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me—and beggareth all relation.

Leigh Hunt.

NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

I'm in love with neighbour Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten,
While, alas ! I'm eight-and-forty,—
And the marriedest of men !
I've a wife who weighs me double,
I've three daughters all with beaux ;
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose—

Though a square-toes, and a fogey,
Still I've sunshine in my heart :
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
Can appreciate a tart—
I can love my neighbour Nelly
Just as tho' I were a boy :
I could hand her nuts and apples
From the depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
She is vigorous of limb :
(You should see her play at cricket
With her little brother Jim.)

NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

She has eyes as blue as damsons,
 She has pounds of auburn curls ;
 She regrets the game of leap-frog
 Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbour Nelly ;
 I invite her in to tea :
 And I let her nurse the baby—
 All her pretty ways to see.
 Such a darling bud of woman,
 Yet remote from any teens,—
 I have learn't from baby Nelly
 What the girl's doll instinct means.

Oh ! to see her with the baby !
 He adores her more than I,—
 How she choruses his crowing,—
 How she hushes every cry !
 How she loves to pit his dimples
 With her light forefinger deep,
 How she boasts to me in triumph,
 When she's got him off to sleep !

We must part, my neighbour Nelly,
 For the summers quickly flee ;
 And your middle-aged admirer
 Must supplanted quickly be.
 Yet as jealous as a mother,—
 A distemper'd canker'd churl,
 I look vainly for the setting
 To be worthy such a pearl.

Robert B. Brough.

JOHN OF GAUNT SINGS FROM THE GERMAN.

OUT of the grog-shop, I've stepp'd in the street.
Road, what's the matter? you're loose on your feet;
Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the knees:
Some on your heads—in the gutter, some sunk—
Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! look at the moon—
Shining up there like a paper balloon,
Winking like mad at me: Moon, I'm afraid—
Now I'm convinced—Oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon: look at the stars—
Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus, and Mars,
Dancing quadrilles; caper'd, shuffl'd, and hopp'd.
Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopp'd.

Down come the houses! each drunk as a king—
Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing;
Inside the bar, it was safe and all right,
I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

Robert B. Brough.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

THOU shalt have one God only, who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency :
 Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse :
 At Church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend :
 Honour thy parents ; that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall :
 Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
 Officially to keep alive :
 Do not adultery commit ;
 Advantage rarely comes of it :
 Thou shalt not steal ; an emptyfeat,
 When it's so lucrative to cheat :
 Bear not false witness ; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly :
 Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

I.

As I sat at the Café I said to myself,
 They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table, *en grand seigneur*,
 And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;
 Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving :
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 And how one ought never to think of one's self,
 How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking—
 My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

II.

Le Diner.

Come along, 'tis the time, ten or more minutes past,
 And he who came first had to wait for the last ;
 The oysters ere this had been in and been out ;
 Whilst I have been sitting and thinking about
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

A clear soup with eggs ; *voilà tout* ; of the fish
 The *filets de sole* are a moderate dish
A là Orly, but you're for red mullet, you say :
 By the gods of good fare, who can question to-day
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

After oysters, sauterne ; then sherry, champagne,
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again ;

Fly up, thou bold cork, to the ceiling above,
And tell to our ears in the sound that they love
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I've the simplest of palates ; absurd it may be,
But I almost could dine on a *poulet-au-riz*,
Fish and soup and omelette and that—but the deuce—
There were to be woodcocks, and not Charlotte Russe !
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

Your chablis is acid, away with the hock,
Give me the pure juice of the purple Médoc :
St. Peray is exquisite ; but, if you please,
Some Burgundy just before tasting the cheese.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So pleasant it is to have money.

As for that, pass the bottle, and d——n the expense,
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense,
That the labouring classes could scarce live a day,
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.
 So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So useful it is to have money.

One ought to be grateful, I quite apprehend,
Having dinner and supper and plenty to spend,
And so suppose now, while the things go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and say,
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

III.

Parvenant.

I cannot but ask, in the park and the streets,
When I look at the number of persons one meets,
Whate'er in the world the poor devils can do
Whose fathers and mothers can't give them a *sou*.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

I ride and I drive, and I care not a d——n,
The people look up and they ask who I am ;
And if I should chance to run over a cad,
I can pay for the damage, if ever so bad.

So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

It was but this winter I came up to town,
And already I'm gaining a sort of renown ;
Find my way to good houses without much ado,
Am beginning to see the nobility, too.

So useful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So useful it is to have money.

O dear ! what a pity they ever should lose it,
Since they are the people that know how to use it ;
So easy, so stately, such manners, such dinners,
And yet, after all, it is we are the winners.

So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
So needful it is to have money.

It's all very well to be handsome and tall,
Which certainly makes you look well at a ball ;

It's all very well to be clever and witty,
 But if you are poor, why it's only a pity.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So needful it is to have money.

There's something undoubtedly in a fine air,
 To know how to smile and be able to stare ;
 High breeding is something, but well-bred or not,
 In the end the one question is, what have you got.
 So needful it is to have money, heigh-ho !
 So needful it is to have money.

And the angels in pink and the angels in blue,
 In muslins and moirés so lovely and new,
 What is it they want, and so wish you to guess,
 But if you have money, the answer is Yes.
 So needful, they tell you, is money, heigh-ho !
 So needful it is to have money.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

*A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.**

OF woman's rights and woman's wrongs we've heard
 much talk of late,
 The first seem most extensive, and the latter very great ;
 And Mrs. Ellis warns men, not themselves to agitate,
 For 'neath petticoats and pinafores is hid the future fate
 Of this wondrous nineteenth century, the youngest
 child of Time !

* *Air—“The Old English Gentleman.”*

The Turks they had a notion, fit alone for Turks and
fools,
That womankind has no more mind than horses or than
mules;
But this idea's exploded quite, as to your cost you'll find,
If you intend to change or bend some stalwart female
mind,
In this Amazonian century, precocious child of Time.

If by external signs you seek this strength of mind to
trace,
You'll observe a very "powerful" expression in her face;
The lady's stockings will be blue, and inky be her hand,
And her head quite full of something hard she doesn't
understand,
Like a puzzle-pated Blue-stocking, one of the modern
time.

And her dress will be peculiar, both in fabric and in make,
An artistic, classic, tragic, highly-talented mistake;
Which is what she calls "effective," though I'd rather
not express
The effect produced on thoughtless minds by such a style
of dress,
When worn by some awful Blue-stocking, one of the
modern time.

She'll talk about statistics, and ask if you're inclined
To join the progress movement for development of mind.
If you inquire what that means, she'll frown and say 'tis
best
Such matter should be understood, but never be express'd,
By a stern suggestive Blue-stocking, in this mystic
modern time.

She'll converse upon æsthetics, and then refer to figures,
And turn from angels bright and fair to sympathise with
niggers,
Whom she'll style "our sable brethren," and pretend are
martyrs quite;
And with Mrs. H—t B—r St—e, she'll swear that black
is white,
Like a trans-Atlantic Blue-stocking, one of the modern
time.

She never makes a pudding, and she never makes a shirt,
And if she's got some little blues, they're black and blue
with dirt;
When the wretched man her husband comes, though
tired he may be,
She regenerates society instead of making tea,
Like a real strong-minded Blue-stocking, the plague of
the modern time.

Moral.

The moral of my song is this, just leave all "ics" and
"ologies,"
For men to exercise their brains, on platforms and in
colleges;
Let woman's proud and honour'd place be still the fire-
side,
And still man's household deities, his mother and his
bride,
In this our nineteenth century, the favour'd child of
Time.

Frank E. Smedley.

THE HONEY-MOON.

THE honey-moon is very strange.
Unlike all other moons the change
 She regularly undergoes.
She rises at the full; then loses
Much of her brightness; then reposes
 Faintly; and then . . . has naught to lose.

Walter Savage Landor.

A SENSIBLE GIRL'S REPLY TO MOORE'S
“ Our couch shall be roses all spangled with dew.”
It would give me rheumatics, and so it would you.

Walter Savage Landor.

A DYING man was sore perplext
About what people would do next.
“ Now was it not too bad that lead
Should fasten down the helpless dead?
And iron coffins must be made
To suit the tricksters of the trade!
I will not have one, for I doubt
How in the world I should get out.
A strip of deal is not so tough,
Yet may be troublesome enough.”

Walter Savage Landor.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat
 A couple, and no more, in chat;
 I wondered what they would be at
 Under the lindens.

I saw four eyes, and four lips meet,
 I heard the words, *How sweet! how sweet!*
 Had then the Faeries given a treat
 Under the lindens?

I pondered long and could not tell
 What dainty pleased them both so well:
 Bees! Bees! was it your hydromel,
 Under the lindens?

Walter Savage Landor.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
 All alone by myself in this place;
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me,—
 Oh no, if there's truth in that face!
 Though England's a beautiful city,
 Full of illigant boys, oh, what then?
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them, my dear.

O Kathleen, agra ! don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'd make ;
 But tell them a poor lad in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case ;
 For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your sweet face.
 And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better will I be off then ;
 You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
 Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Ah now, where's the need of this hurry ?
 Don't fluster me so in this way :
 I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say.
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye ;
 Can I talk if ye bother me so ?—
 O Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that you go.

Lady Dufferin.

VERSES ON A CAT,

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

CLUBBY ! thou surely art, I ween,
 A Puss of most majestic mien,
 So stately all thy paces !
 With such a philosophic air
 Thou seek'st thy professorial chair,
 And so demure thy face is !

And as thou sit'st, thine eye seems fraught
 With such intensity of thought
 That could we read it, knowledge
 Would seem to breathe in every mew,
 And learning yet undreamt by you
 Who dwell in Hall or College.

Oh ! when in solemn taciturnity
 Thy brain seems wandering through eternity,
 What happiness were mine
 Could I then catch the thoughts that flow,
 Thoughts such as ne'er were hatch'd below,
 But in a head like thine.

Oh then, throughout the livelong day,
 With thee I'd sit and purr away
 In ecstasy sublime ;
 And in thy face, as from a book.
 I'd drink in science at each look,
 Nor fear the lapse of time.

1817.

Charles Daubeny.

THE ANNUITANT'S ANSWER.

My certy ! but it sets him weel
 Sae vile a tale to tell o' me ;
 I never could suspect the chiel'
 O' sic disingenuity.
 I'll no be ninety-four for lang,
 My health is far frae being strang,
 And he'll mak' profit, richt or wrang,
 Ye'll see, by this annuity.

My friends, ye weel can understand
This world is fu' o' roguery ;
And ane meets folk on ilka hand
To rug, and rive, and pu' at ye.
I thought that this same man o' law
Wad save my siller frae them a',
And sae I gave the whilliewha
The note for the annuity.

He says the bargain lookit fair,
And sae to him, I'm sure 'twad be ;
I got my hundred pounds a year,
An' he could well allow it tae.
And does he think—the deevil's limb—
Although I lookit auld and grim,
I was to die to pleasure him,
And squash my braw annuity.

The year had scarcely turned its back
When he was irking to be free—
A fule the thing to undertak',
And then sae sune to rue it ye.
I've never been at peace sin' syne—
Nae wonder that sae sair I coyne—
It's jist through terror that I tyne
My life for my annuity.

He's twice had pushion in my kail,
And sax times in my cup o' tea ;
I could unsauld a shocking tale
O' something in a cruet, tae.
His arms he ance flang round my neck—
I thought it was to show respeck ;
He only meant to gie a check,
Not for, but to, the annuity.

Said ance to me an honest man,
 " Try an insurance company ;
 Ye'll find it an effective plan
 Protection to secure to you.
 Ten pounds a year !—ye weel can spare't !—
 Be that wi' Peter Fraser wared ;
 His office syne will be a guard
 For you and your annuity."

I gaed at ance an' spak' to Pate
 O' a five hundred policy,
 And " Faith ! " says he, " ye are nae blate,
 I maist could clamahewit ye ;
 Wi' that chiel's fingers at the knife,
 What chance hae ye o' length o' life ?
 Sae to the door, ye silly wife,
 Wi' you and your annuity."

The procurator-fiscal's now
 The only friend that I can see ;
 And it's sma' thing that he can do
 To end this sair ankstrivity.
 But honest Maurice has agreed
 That if the villain does the deed,
 He'll swing at Libberton Wyndhead
 For me and my annuity.

Dr. Robert Chambers.

[Dr. Robert Chambers gave a dinner to George Outram and other friends in Edinburgh, when the "Annuitant's Answer" was sung in character by Mrs. Chambers after the familiar "Legal Lyric" had been sung by Peter Fraser. The late Maurice Lothian was alluded to in the final verse as "honest Maurice."]

THE POPE.

THE Pope, he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care, nor strife,
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wise ;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity ;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran ;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland ;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be ;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

Charles Lever.

THE WIDOW MALONE.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare—
How quare,
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone,
My own;”—
“Oh,” says he, “you're my Molly Malone !”

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye !
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why ?
“But, Lucius,” says she,
“Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone !
You may marry your Molly Malone.”

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong ;
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong :
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone !
Oh ! they're very like Mistress Malone !

Charles Lever.

IF THE POOR MADE LAWS FOR THE RICH.

IF the poor made laws for the rich—the rich,
 What a change in our jails would be !
 Which would be for the best ? and which—oh, which,
 Bring the most to the gallows-tree ?
 They would pass a nobleman vagrant bill,
 For the fellows who idly roam ;
 The Travellers' Club would be sent to the Mill,
 And Lord E—x be passed to — home.
 They'd make game laws for the sporting one,
 And refuse a squire to bail ;
 Old B—ks would be shot with a good spring-gun,
 And Sh—y would rot in jail !
 " Most libellous trash," the books that blind
 The eyes of the mass they'd call ;
 Murray's Review would be damnably fined,
 And they'd ruin great Captain H—ll.
 They'd make it a capital crime to pay
 Oneself from the public purse ;
 Our younger sons would be shipped to " the Bay,"
 And the Bishop of — worse !

Edward Bulwer Lord Lytton.

MY OLD COAT.**I.**

THIS old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
 And changed is the colour and loose is the fit ;
 Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire,
 'Tis a cosy old coat for a seat by the fire.

II.

When I first put it on, it was awfully swell;
I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
And disjointed the nose of her lover, the earl.

III.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together;
My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather,
And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

IV.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
But Lucy returned to her earl all the same;
She's a grandmamma now, and is going down-hill,
But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

V.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
Whose art is no longer the talk of the town:
A magical picture my memory weaves
When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old
sleeves.

VI.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
Sweet maidens of old that are long over-ripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
Whose guineas paid well for champagne at Watier's.

VII.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed,
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high—
We remember them well, sir, my old coat and I.

VIII.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port;
Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the past in my tattered old coat.

Mortimer Collins.

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RURAL SIMPLICITY.

SAID I, Oh, give me simplicity,
Purity, truthful rurality:
Wearied alas, I'm of this city,
With its deceit and venality.
Give me a home amidst villagers,
Noted for honest veracity,
Far from this town of pillagers,
Reckless in daring audacity.

Long 'twas before the discovery
Came of the spot I was wishing for :
There in my cottage ("The Dovery")
Trout though diurnally fishing for,
Fish never ventured a bite at all,
Though the inhabitants said they would,
Never appeared to my sight at all ;
"P'raps if I threw in some bread they would."

Roger, a humble parishioner,
Noted for cringing humility,
For the groom's place a petitioner,
Robbed me with wondrous ability.
Jane, though a girl of sobriety,
Praised by our excellent Vicar, and
Timothy, noted for piety,
Took my loose cash and my liquor, and

Though I induced was to pardon her,
Soon I regretted my lenity,
For she eloped with the gardener ;
This quite upset my serenity.
Still I had faith in simplicity ;
Giles, too, the pride of the peasantry,
Till I found out that a visit he
Paid to the eggs in the pheasantry.

Then I'd a Baliff, a denizen,
Native of where I had settled at :
Mutton *I* ate, *he* ate venison,
Which I must own I was nettled at.
I kept a small modest vineyry,
He, in a manner Quixotical,
Went in for peaches and pinery,
Plants too most rare and exotical.

Famed were his wines and his cookery,
 Famed too his wide hospitality;
My house was rather a rookery
 Since I'd gone in for "Rurality."
 Though for the fields I'd selected a
 Party of pipers and tabourers
 Picturesque, still I'd expected a
 Lot who were decentish labourers.

"Sing?" yes, they sung, but their ditties were
 Not to be lauded extensively:
 Songs I have heard howled in cities were
 Seldom couched *quite* so offensively.
 "Dance?" yes, they danced, but proclivities
 Which have been censured quite recently,
 During the gloaming's festivities,
 Peasants developed indecently.

Shocked at this base immorality,
 Sickened with Chloes and Phyllises,
 Welcome's the modest formality
 At a big ball,—say at "Willis's."
 Tytyrus? Corydon?—Bosh!
 Pretty in print, but reality
 Proves that the *print* doesn't wash,
 Being inferior quality.
 Give me this city of crime,
 Seething with vile illegality,
 Rather than passing my time
 Searching for "Simple Rurality."

Henry J. Byron.

ODE TO THE MOON.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM COLNEY HATCH.

OH, Moon !

Folks take thy name, and, adding to it "honey,"
Thus term first days of wedded life ;

How funny !

Because one takes a wife
For better, worse, and life,
Why term that period "spooney,"
By nomenclature "mooney,"
Tacked on to the production of the bee,
(Which vocally we know is all a "hum")

Whilst she—

The bee is feminine, if scarcely dumb—

For the conjunction rigidly atones
(Bagpipe-avoider-like) by shunning *drones* ?

Some say that thou hast mountains, forests, seas,
Capes, promontories, rivers, lakes, and leas.

One man we see

Whose face when at thy full is passing droll.
Is he an Alexander Selkirk—sole

Inhabitant of thee?

What does he do,

Say, when the moon is new,

And like a slender slice of Dutchman's cheese
appears ?

Where does he go ? To visit other spheres ?

Call on a Star—as audiences do

When the play is over ?

There are one or two

Whose reputations are a trifle shady :

Say, does he visit some resplendent lady ?

Or, say, on Saturn call by way of fun—
 Who round his centre such a radiance flings—
 Saturn that “master” of no end of “rings,”
 “Hengler” and “Sanger” of the sky in one?

Stay,

Does he stray

Making a morning call “over the whey”
 (Taking a milk-“walk,” as we mortals say,
 Of vaccine ventures)? or does he seek some sport
 With *shooting stars*, or pay his court
 To Venus—queen of stars,
 Much to the rage of “Mars,”
 As younger brothers
 Do when they are polite
 And raise the spite
 Of Mayfair mothers.

Allowed

A cloud

Behind

We find

Thou hidest often, “dousing thy glimmer,”

And if thou chooseth

Awhile refuseth

Thy silvery shimmer,

To midnight gazers:

Why, 'tis but kindness,

For wert thou to “keep up the shine” all night,

Weak mortals might

Suffer from blindness.

Eagles can stare straight at the sun, they say,

All day :

They may ;

I don't deny it ;

But as to looking at the moon all night,
 As they do at the sun—
 Well, I for one
 Don't mean to try it.

Shakespeare calls thee “inconstant,” and he knew
 A thing or two ;
 But is it true ?
 Who says that thou hast ever broke thy word,
 In snowy weather or in seasons vernal ?
 I put it to the owl—that midnight bird,
 Who's an authority on things nocturnal,
 And from his ivy bush or hallowed tree
 Gazes at thee
 Without so much as blinking,
 Or anything “like winking.”

Oh, Moon, beneath whose rays
 “Walker,” who never pays,
 Flits from his lodging,
 Landlady dodging ;
 Homage he pays to thee
 (Nobody *else* pays he) ;
 Thou art the planet,
 Helping the cheat
 Beating retreat
 At dead of night.
 That can't be right,
 Planet, can it ?
 They say of him who sleeps,
 And keeps
 His hat off,
 (Thy rays upon his brain)
 His wits go pat off ;

Whilst some maintain
 Dead vampires life regain
 Thy beams when under.
 Shakespeare says, "Slips of yew"
 "Silvered" are—is it true?—
 'Neath the "eclipse." Ah me!
 Is it all fallacy?
 Or can such statements be
 Moonshine, I wonder?

Say, p'rhaps within thy orb
 Crowds dwell, and drink absorb—
 Nectar potations;
 That is the kind of brew
 Surely most suited to
 Such constellations.
 Most of the magnates there
 Figure in *Lemprière*.
 Not so the *Little Bear*;
 Of nectar lien in,
 He prefers, probably, some other brewin'.

But on the other hand
 Thou mayest be vapour, and
 Some say green cheese, and thou
 Lookest, I vow,
 Mere face of wool, Moon;
 Utterly free from folks,
 Empty as Jones's jokes,
 E'en when a *full* moon.
 Who can tell? By the way,
 Hast thou newspapers—say,
 Though I've no wish your *vie intime* to probe,
 Surely at night time,
 Thou at the right time,

Up in the sky,
Throwest thine eye
Over the *Globe*.

Hast thou a House of Commons and of Lords?
Hast thou another Lord's where cricket played is?
Hast thou a Board of Works? Hast thou School Boards?
Reformatories, where taught every trade is?
Sewing machines and slop shops? Each affords
Encouragement to impecunious ladies.
Hast parson magistrates, whose castigation
Rouses the admiration of the nation?

Hast thou a Prince's, where the summer skater
Glides as on glass? a pigeon-shooting club?
Or other clubs where no one tips the waiter,
Which open keep when's closed the humble "pub"?
Hast thou an Oxford? Cambridge? Alma Mater?
Do thy young Moonlarders smoke, train, and tub?
Hast thou a local Gladstone, D'isra—eli,
A Claimant, Poet Close, or a Kenealy?

Pardon the scribe,
O'erlook the jibe
Of one who tries—
Rediculus mus!—
Irrepressible "cuss!"
Limited loon!—
Out of thee thus,
To get a rise—
Just a "Rise, gentle moon."

But thou art not "inconstant,"—not one ray;
Call tax-collectors fickle, postmen coy,
Policemen bashful, turncocks tremulous,

But do not dub the moon inconstant ; nay,
 Constant and regular as quarter-day,
 Great orb, thou art indeed, and here at Colney,
 In rhyme mellifluous as hymns of "Olney"—
 At least, I think so in my modest way—
 Maternal-fowl like, do I *hatch* my *lay*.

Henry J. Byron.

'TWAS EVER THUS.*

I NEVER rear'd a young gazelle
 (Because, you see, I never tried) ;
 But, had it known and loved me well,
 No doubt the creature would have died.
 My rich and aged uncle JOHN
 Has known me long and loves me well,
 But still persists in living on—
 I would he were a young gazelle !

I never loved a tree or flower ;
 But, if I *had*, I beg to say,
 The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
 Would soon have wither'd it away.
 I've dearly loved my uncle JOHN
 From childhood to the present hour,
 And yet he *will* go living on—
 I would he were a tree or flower !

Henry S. Leigh.

* This is a parody on a poem by Moore. The two pieces of the late Henry S. Leigh included in this collection are reprinted from *Carols of Cockayne*, with the permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

ONLY SEVEN.

A PASTORAL STORY AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELL'D why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I ask'd her why she cried ;
The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
“ I've got a pain inside !

“ I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven ; ”
Said I, “ What is it makes you bad ?
How many apples have you had ? ”
She answered, “ Only seven ! ”

“ And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid ? ” quoth I ;
“ Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie ! ”

“ If that's the case,” I stammer'd out,
“ Of course you've had eleven ; ”
The maiden answer'd, with a pout,
“ I ain't had more nor seven ! ”

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, “ I'm bad at riddles ;
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles !

“ Now, if you won’t reform,” said I,
 “ You’ll never go to heaven.”
 But all in vain ; each time I try,
 That little idiot makes reply,
 “ I ain’t had more nor seven ! ”

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth’s name was wrong,
 Or slightly misapplied ;
 And so I’d better call my song,
 “ Lines after Ache-Inside.”

Henry S. Leigh.

AN HONEST VALENTINE.

RETURNED FROM THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

THANK ye for your kindness,
 Lady fair and wise,
 Though Love’s famed for blindness,
 Lovers—hem ! for lies.
 Courtship’s mighty pretty,
 Wedlock a sweet sight ;—
 Should I (from the City,
 A plain man, Miss ——) write,
 Ere we spouse-and-wive it,
 Just one honest line,
 Could you e’er forgive it,
 Pretty Valentine ?

Honeymoon quite over,
If I less should scan
You with eye of lover
Than of mortal man?
Seeing my fair charmer
Curl hair spire on spire,
All in paper armour,
By the parlour fire;
Gown that wants a stich in
Hid by apron fine,
Scolding in her kitchen,—
O, fie, Valentine!

Should I come home surly,
Vex'd with fortune's frown,
Find a hurly-burly,
House turn'd upside down,
Servants all a-snarl, or
Cleaning step or stair:
Breakfast still in parlour,
Dinner—anywhere:
Shall I to cold bacon
Meekly fall and dine?
No—or I'm mistaken
Much, my Valentine.

What if we should quarrel?
—Bless you, all folks do:—
Will you take the war ill,
Yet half like it too?
When I storm and jangle,
Obstinate, absurd,
Will you sit and wrangle
Just for the last word?—

Or, while poor Love, crying,
 Upon tiptoe stands,
 Ready plumed for flying—
 Will you smile, shake hands,
 And the truth beholding,
 With a kiss divine
 Stop my rough mouth's scolding?—
 Bless you, Valentine!

If, should times grow harder,
 We have lack of pelf,
 Little in the larder,
 Less upon the shelf;
 Will you, never tearful,
 Make your old gowns do,
 Mend my stockings, cheerful,
 And pay visits few?
 Crave nor gift nor donor,
 Old days ne'er regret,
 Ask no friend save Honour,
 Dread no foe but Debt;
 Meet ill-fortune steady,
 Hand to win with mine,
 Like a gallant lady—
 Will you, Valentine?

Then whatever weather
 Come—or shine, or shade,
 We'll set out together,
 Ne'er a whit afraid.
 Age is not alarming—
 I shall find, I ween,
 You at sixty charming
 As at sweet sixteen:

Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,
That our funeral may
Make one date serve both, dear,
Like our marriage day.
Then, come joy or sorrow,
Thou art mine—I thine.
And we'll wed to-morrow,
Dearest Valentine.

Dinah M. Mulock (Mrs. Craik).



LIVING WRITERS.

LIVING WRITERS.

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME ! fill up a bumper—for why should we go,
logwood

While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?
decoction

Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
dye-stuff

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
half-ripened apples

The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled ;
taste sugar-of-lead !

How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed !
rank poisons wines !!

For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines,
 stable-boys smoking long-nines.

That were garnered by maidens who laugh'd thro' the
vines.

scowl howl scoff cheer,

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
 strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer !

For all the good wine, and we've some of it here !

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all !

Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AUNT TABITHA.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,
 Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way ;
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago),
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear Aunt ! If I only would take her advice !
 But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice !
 And besides, I forget half the things I am told ;
 But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
 He may chance to look in as I chance to look out.
She would never endure an impertinent stare,—
 It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own ;
 But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone ;
 So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you know,—
 But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then !
 They kept at arm's length those detestable men ;
 What an era of virtue she lived in !—But, stay—
 Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day ?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
 How he dared to propose to my darling mamma ;
 Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
 And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should propose ?

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE. III

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !
And her grand-aunts—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE ; **OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."**

A Logical Story.

HAVE you never heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Stuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,

Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished his one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I will tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
 In hub, tire, or felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thorough-brace—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will—
 Above or below, or within or without—
 And that's the reason, without a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
 With an “I dew vam” or an “I tell *yeou*”)
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 ‘n’ the keounty ‘n’ all the kentry raoun’;
 It should be so built that it *couldna’ break daown*:
 —“Fur,” said the Deacon, “‘t’s mighty plain
 That the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain:
 ‘n’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn’t be split nor bent nor broke—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s ellum”—
 Last of its timber—they couldn’t sell ‘em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips ;
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tyre, axle, and lynch-pin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thorough-broke bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through"—
"There !" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew !"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less.
Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it—you're welcome.—No extra charge)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—The Earthquake-day—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay
 A general flavour of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be—for the deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor.
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back-cross-bar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole* it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay,
 "Hud-dup !" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
 Just the hour of the earthquake shock !
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around ?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

DOUBTLESS my readers all have heard
 Of the "wonderful one-horse shay"
That "went to pieces all at once"
 On the terrible earthquake-day.

But did they ever think of the horse,
 Or mourn the loss of him—
The "ewe-necked bay" (who drew the "shay"),
 So full of life and vim ?

He was a wonderful nag, I'm told,
 In spite of his old "rat-tail";
And though he always minded the *rein*,
 He laughed at the snow and hail.

He had the finest stable in town,
 With plenty of oats and hay;
And to the parson's oft "Hud-dup"
 He never would answer *neigh*.

To the parson's shay he was ever true,
 Though her other *felloes* were *tired* ;
 To live and die with his *fiancée*
 Was all that his heart desired.

He was much *attached* to his ancient mate ;
 So the parson "hitched them together" ;
 And when they went on their *bridle* tour,
 His heart was light as a feather.

We all remember her awful fate,
 On that sad November day,
 When nothing remained but a heap of trash,
 That once was a beautiful shay.

Oh ! what could *stir-up* the equine breast
 Like the fearful, harrowing blow,
 Which put a *check* on his happiness,
 And filled his heart with *w(h)oa*.

As he *wheeled* about, a *shaft* of pain
 Entered his faithful breast,
 And we there beheld the sad remains
 Of her whom he loved the best.

With a sudden bound and fearful snort,
 He sped away like the wind ;
 And a fact most queer I'll mention here—
 No *traces* were left behind.

Charles F. Adams.

CONCERNING I AND NON-I.

SINCE Father Noah first tapped the vine,
And warmed his jolly old nose,
All men to drinking do much incline,
But why, no drinker yet knows ;
We drink, and we never think how !
And yet, in our drinking,
The root of deep thinking
Lies very profound,
As I will expound
To all who will drink with me now.

The poets—God knows, a jovial race—
Have ever been lauding of wine ;
Of Bacchus they sing, and his rosy face,
And the draught of the beaker divine ;
Yet all their fine phrases are vain ;
They pour out the essence
Of brain effervescence
With rhyme and rant
And jingling cant,
But nothing at all they explain.

But I, who quaff the thoughtful well
Of Plato and old Aristotle,
And Kant, and Fichte, and Hegel can tell
The wisdom that lies in the bottle.

I drink, and in drinking I know ;
With glance keen and nimble
I pierce through the symbol,
And seize the soul
Of truth in the bowl,
Behind the mere sensuous show.

Now brim your glass, and plant it well
 Beneath your nose on the table,
 And you will find what philosophers tell
 Of I and non-I is no fable.

Now listen to wisdom, my son !
 Myself am the subject,
 This wine is the object ;
 These things are two,
 But I'll prove to you
 That subject and object are one.

I take this glass in my hand, and stand
 Upon my legs, if I can,
 And look and smile benign and bland,
 And feel that I am a man.

Now stretch all the strength of your brains !
 I drink—and the object
 Is lost in the subject,
 Making one entity
 In the identity
 Of me, and the wine in my veins !

And now if Hamilton, Fraser, or Mill
 This point can better explain,
 You may learn from them, with method and skill,
 To plumb the abyss of your brain ;
 But this simple faith I avow,
 The root of true thinking
 Lies just in deep drinking,
 As I have shown,
 In a way of my own,
 To this jolly good company now.

John Stuart Blackie.

CUPID AMONG THE MAIDENS.

THAT long-winged boy is sure to prate,
So forward and so sly,
He grows too great, 'tis quite too late
To have him peep and pry.

He never leaves our sight, he's here
And there and everywhere,
A listening ear for ever near
We will no longer bear.

We must fall on him might and main,
Bridget and I and you,
But don't be cruel, naughty Jane,
Don't kiss him, silly Prue !

We'll set him in the stocks and go,
We'll lock him fast all day,
But we may let him keep his bow—
The child must have his play.

Thus did they, and with laughter great,
Their game was well begun ;
Alas, ere they had shut the gate,
He pinked them every one.

William Bell Scott.

A BRIDAL RACE.

SIR HUBERT mounted his little brown barb,
 Her jennette of Spain his bride;
 "My winsome Isabelle, my wife,"
 Quoth he, "let's a wager ride!"

Quoth he, "Sweet wife, let us ride a race,
 And this shall be the play,
 Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree
 Shall do even as they may."

"And whether we live in the country,
 Or in town as I would still,
 Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree
 Shall have it as they will."

"Done!" said she, with a light high laugh,
 "I'm pleased with such as this;
 Let us sign the 'pact!' She leant across,
 As if she meant to kiss.

He thought to catch her limber waist,
 And really a kiss repay,
 But she gave her jennette the rein at once;
 She was off, she was away.

The little brown barb he shied aside,
 On galloped she merrilie,
 The race was short and she was the first,
 First by the red haw-tree.

"Now fie upon you, winsome wife!"
 Cried he, "you rode unfair,
 For with that feint, that start too soon,
 You took me unaware."

" What's fair," quoth she, with her light high laugh,
" I do not care three straws !
Oh, I shall rule, yes, I shall rule,
But you, love, shall make the laws ! "

William Bell Scott.

1854.

FOR MY OWN HEALTH I HAVE STAYED HERE TOO LONG.

ONCE did I see a barber shave
A poor cadaverous devil,
And put his finger in the cheek
To keep the surface level.

The trenchant razor chanced to slip,
And cut the cheek in twain,
But little did that barber heed
The bleeding patient's pain.

He cried, " To grumble I have cause,
That razor is a stinger ;
Confound your ugly lantern jaws,
They've made me cut my finger."

Such is the mournful revolution
At which we all must groan,
In ruining our constitution
We fear he's hurt his own.

Lord Sherbrooke.

CYNICAL ODE TO AN ULTRA-CYNICAL PUBLIC.

Charles Mackay.

A BACHELOR'S MONO-RHYME.

Do you think I'd marry a woman
That can neither cook or sew,
Nor mend a rent in her gloves
Or a tuck in her furbelow ;
Who spends her time in reading
The novels that come and go ;
Who tortures heavenly music,
And makes it a thing of woe ;
Who deems three-fourths of my income
Too little, by half, to show
What a figure she'd make, if I'd let her,
'Mid the belles of Rotten Row ;
Who has not a thought in her head
Where thoughts are expected to grow,
Except of trumpery scandals
Too small for a man to know ?
Do you think I'd wed with *that*,
Because both high and low
Are charmed by her youthful graces
And her shoulders white as snow ?
Ah no ! I've a wish to be happy,
I've a thousand a year or so,
'Tis all I can expect
That fortune will bestow !
So, pretty one, idle one, stupid one !
You're not for me, I trow,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
No, no ! decidedly no !

Charles Mackay

THE GREAT CRITICS.

WHOM shall we praise ?
 Let's praise the dead !—
 In no men's ways
 Their heads they raise,
 Nor strive for bread
 With you or me,—
 So, do you see ?
 We'll praise the dead !
 Let living men
 Dare but to claim
 From tongue or pen
 Their meed of fame,
 We'll cry them down,
 Spoil their renown,
 Deny their sense,
 Wit, eloquence,
 Poetic fire,
 All they desire.
 Our say is said,
 Long live the dead !

Charles Mackay.

FANNY; OR, THE BEAUTY AND THE BEE.

FANNY, array'd in the bloom of her beauty,
 Stood at the mirror, and toy'd with her hair,
 Viewing her charms, till she felt it a duty
 To own that like Fanny no woman was fair.
 A Bee from the garden—oh, what could mislead him?—
 Stray'd through the lattice new dainties to seek,
 And lighting on Fanny, too busy to heed him,
 Stung the sweet maid on her delicate cheek.

Smarting with pain, round the chamber she sought him,
 Tears in her eyes, and revenge in her heart,
 And angrily cried, when at length she had caught him,
 " Die for the deed, little wretch that thou art ! "
 Stooping to crush him, the hapless offender
 Pray'd her for mercy,—to hear and forgive ;
 " Oh, spare me ! " he cried, " by those eyes in their
 splendour ;
 Oh, pity my fault, and allow me to live !

" Am I to blame that your cheeks are like roses,
 Whose hues all the pride of the garden eclipse ?
 Lilies are hid in your mouth when it closes,
 And odours of Araby breathe from your lips."
 Sweet Fanny relented : " 'Twere cruel to hurt you ;
 Small is the fault, pretty bee, you deplore ;
 And e'en were it greater, forgiveness is virtue ;
 Go forth and be happy—I blame you no more.

Charles Mackay.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
 Looks through the side-light of the door ;
 I hear him with his brethren swear,
 As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
 He envies me my brilliant lot,
 Breathes on his aching fist in vain,
 And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
 A silken wonder by my side,
 Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
 Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
 'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load ;
 And wishes me some dreadful harm,
 Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore
 Of hunting still the same old coon,
 And envy him, outside the door,
 The golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
 As the bright smile he sees me win,
 Nor the host's oldest wine so old
 As our poor gabble, sour and thin.

I envy him the rugged prance
 By which his freezing feet he warms,
 And drag my lady's chains, and dance,
 The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
 And I his quiet !—past a doubt
 'Twould still be one man bored within,
 And just another bored without.

J. Russell Lowell.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
 Ez fur away ez Paris is ; .
 I love to see her stick her claws
 In them infarnal Pharisees ;

It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothing ain't extravagunt—
Purvidin' I'm in office !
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth fill'd their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes :
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out surrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann ,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
The bread comes back in many days,
An' butter'd, tu, fer sartin ;—

I mean in preyin' till one busts
 On wut the party chooses,
 An' in convartin' public trusts
 To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
 For 'lectioneers to spout on ;
 The people's ollers soft enough
 To make hard money out on ;
 Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
 An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
 I don't care *how* hard money is,
 Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
 In the gret Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal,
 An' in the traces lead 'em ;
 Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',
 An' wither'd be the nose thet pokes
 Inter the government printin' :

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 From him my bread an' cheese air ;
 I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his souperscription—
 Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 O' jobs—in everythin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN' ;

This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
I don't believe in princerple,
But, oh, I du in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or that, ez it may happen :
One way or t' other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin' ;
It ain't by princerbles nor men
My preudunt course is steadied—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it bald-headed.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'r'al tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface,

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherley kindness,
Thet bomshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally.
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally ;

This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

James Russell Lowell.

MY FIRST-BORN.

IT shall not be "Albert" nor "Arthur,"
 Though both are respectable men ;
 His name shall be that of his father—
 My Benjamin shorten'd to "Ben."

Yes, much as I wish for a corner
 In each of my relative's wills,
 I'll not be a mark for the scorner—
 (That creaking of boots must be Squills).

It is clear, though his means may be narrow,
 This infant his age will adorn ;
 I shall send him to Oxford from Harrow,—
 I wonder how soon he'll be born !

A spouse thus was airing his fancies
 Below—'twas a labour of love,—
 And calmly reflecting on Nancy's
 More practical labour above ;

Yet while it so pleased him to ponder,
 Elated, at ease, and alone,
 That pale, patient victim up yonder
 Had budding delights of her own ;

Sweet thoughts, in their essence diviner
Than dreams of ambition and pelf ;
A cherub, no babe will be finer,
Invented and nursed by herself.

One breakfasting, dining, and teaing,
With appetite nought can appease,
And quite a young Reasoning Being
When call'd on to yawn and to sneeze.

What cares that heart, trusting and tender,
For fame or avuncular wills !
Except for the name and the gender,
She is almost as tranquil as Squills.

That father, in reverie center'd,
Dumfounder'd, his thoughts in a whirl,
Heard Squills, as the creaking boots enter'd,
Announce that his boy was—a girl.

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

I RECOLLECT a nurse call'd Ann
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up, and kiss'd the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection !
 Thinks I, “Aha !
 When I can talk I'll tell Mamma”—
And that's my earliest recollection.

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

MY SON JOHNNY.

My son, Johnny Jones,
Isn't fond of his books,
He prefers to throw stones,
Cruel boy, at the rooks.

Said I, "Master Jack,
If you do that again,
I'll give you a thwack
With Grandmamma's cane."

"Who cares!" said my son,
Those indeed were his words,
And he shied half a ton
Of big stones at the birds.

Then the supplest of sticks
I obtained from *ma mère*,
And I gave him his licks—
And he won't forget where.

Now changed is that boy,
He has learnt to respect us;
His wish, as his joy,
Is to learn his *delectus*.

Beside his old granny
He sits on a stool,
And reads "Frank and Fanny,"
Or "Sundays at School."

Some day, by-and-by,
He'll be clever and tall,
And eat his rook-pie
At the Fishmongers' Hall,

And Fate, too, may send
 Him a bride sweet and bonnie,
 And this is the end
 Of my song about Johnny.

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

VAE VICTIS.

" My Kate, at the Waterloo Column,
 To-morrow, precisely at eight ;
 Remember, thy promise was solemn,
 And—thine till to-morrow, my Kate ! "

• • • • •

That evening seem'd strangely to linger,—
 The licence and luggage were pack'd ;
 And Time, with a long and short finger,
 Approvingly marked me exact.

Arrived, woman's constancy blessing,
 No end of nice people I see ;
 Some hither, some thitherwards pressing,
 —But none of them waiting for me.

Time passes, my watch how I con it,
 I see her—she's coming—no, stuff !
 Instead of Kate's smart little bonnet,
 It is aunt—and her wonderful muff !

(Yes, fortune deserves to be chidden,
 It is a coincidence queer,
 Whenever one wants to be hidden,
 One's relatives always appear.)

Near nine ! how the passers despise me,
 They smile at my anguish, I think ;
 And even the sentinel eyes me,
 And tips that policeman the wink.

Ah ! Kate made me promises solemn,
 At eight she had vow'd to be mine ;—
 While waiting for one at this column,
 I find I've been waiting for nine.

O Fame ! on thy pillar so steady,
 Some dupes watch beneath thee in vain :—
 How many have done it already !
 How many will do it again !

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

PAPA was deep in weekly bills,
 Mamma was doing Fanny's frills—
 Her gentle face full
 Of woe ; said she, “ I do declare
 He can't go back in such a PAIR,
 They're quite disgraceful ! ”

The butcher's book, that fearful diary,
 Had made my father's temper fiery,
 And bubble over :
 So quite in spite he flung it down,
 And spilt the ink, and spoilt his own
 New table-cover

Of scarlet cloth ! Papa cried " Pish ! "
(Which did not mean he did not wish
 He'd been more heedful) :
" And yet what luck ! This cloth will *dip*,
And make a famous PAIR—get Snip
 To do the needful."

'Twas thus that I went back to school
In garb no boy could ridicule,
 And soon becoming
A jelly child, I plunged in debt
For tarts, and promised fair to get
 The prize for summing.

But oh ! my schoolmates soon began
Again to mock my outward man,
 And make me hate 'em !
Long sitting will broadcloth abrade,
The dye wore off, and so display'd
 The red substratum !

To both my parents then I flew—
Mamma shed tears, papa cried, " Pooh,
 Come, stop this racket ! "
He'd still some cloth, so Snip was bid
To stitch me on two tails ; he did—
 And spoilt my jacket !

And then the boys, despite my wails,
Would slyly come and lift my tails,
 And smack me soundly.
O weak Mamma ! O wrathful Dad !
Although your doings drove me mad,
 Ye loved me fondly.

Good friends, your Little Ones (who feel
 These bitter woes, which only heal
 As wisdom mellows)
 Need sympathy in deed and word ;
 So never let them look absurd
 Beside their fellows.

My wife respects the THINGS I've doff'd,
 And guards them carefully, and oft
 She'd take and—air them !
 The little puss adores this PAIR,
 And yet she doesn't seem to care
 That I should wear them.

Frederick Locker-Lampson.

THE GIRL OF ALL PERIODS.

AN IDYLL.

“ AND even our women,” lastly grumbles Ben,
 “ Leaving their nature, dress and talk like men ! ”
 A damsel, as our train stops at Five Ashes,
 Down to the station in a dog-cart dashes.
 A footman buys her ticket, “ Third Class, Parly ; ”
 And, in high-button’d coat and “ Champagne Charley,”
 And such scant manhood else as use allows her,
 Her two shy knees bound in a single trouser,
 With, twixt her shapely lips, a violet
 Perch’d as a proxy for a cigarette,

She takes her window in our smoking carriage,
And scans us; calmly scorning men and marriage.
Ben frowns in silence; older, I know better
Than to read ladies 'haviour in the letter.
This aping man is crafty Love's devising
To make the woman's difference more surprising;
And as for feeling wroth at such rebelling,
Who'd scold the child for now and then repelling
Lures with "I won't!" or for a moment's straying
In its sure growth towards more full obeying?
"Yes, she had read the 'Legend of the Ages,'
And George Sand too, skipping the wicked pages;"
And, whilst we talk'd, her protest firm and perky
Against mankind, I thought, grew lax and jerky;
And at a compliment, her mouth's compression
Nipt in its birth a little laugh of pleasure;
And smiles, forbidden her lips, as weakness horrid,
Broke, in grave lights, from eyes and chin and forehead;
And, as I pushed kind 'vantage 'gainst the scorner,
The two shy knees pressed shier to the corner;
And Ben began to talk with her, the rather
Because he found out that he knew her father,
Sir Francis Applegarth, of Fenny Compton,
And danced once with her sister Maude at Brompton;
And then he stared until he quite confused her,
More pleased with her than I, who but excused her;
And, when she got out, he, with sheepish glances,
Said he'd stop too, and call on old Sir Francis.

Coventry Patmore.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

SCENES that are brightest, the song in the play says,
Fleetest and first are to go;
Sadly we sigh for the fancies and faces,
Past like a Lord Mayor's show.

Still the faint echoes of childhood are calling
Pleasures no longer to be;
Dead as the leaves that keep falling and falling
Round the old roots of the tree.

Ah ! the time seems to me ages and ages
Since I was chubby and small;
Turning life's wonderful picture-book pages,
Now near the last page of all.

When shall my soul drink again at your fountains,
Beauty, Affection, and Truth ?
When the swift river runs back to the mountains—
When you restore me my youth.

Where are my friends of the playground and school
room,
Comrades in short corduroys ?
Sometimes I meet one or two in a full room,
Bald-headed, snuff-taking boys.

Where are the objects of early devotion,
Beautiful beings of eight ?
Married, perhaps: but I have not a notion
As to their conjugal state.

'Mid his gay embers young Love lies a-dreaming,
 How with old Time he may range;
 Nothing is left us but shadows and seeming;
 Nothing is constant but change.

Godfrey Turner.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

WHO knows who is who in this huge masquerade ?
 (As to knowing what's what, pooh ! you can't, sir.)
 Here's a teacher of language* discovered at last
 To have dabbled in oat-bruising all these years past,
 Though under the name of a matron or maid,
 Much famed for not taking an answer !

Mary Wedlake is Fenwick de Porquet ! what next ?
 Mr. Spurgeon may keep a casino ;
 'Midst polkas profane he may ponder his text,
 Not at all by the sight of such vanities vexed ;
 About his identity if you're perplexed,
 Why he's Ruskin ; and Ruskin's Boleno !

The bank no less bankrupt than British, again,
 A problem affords that will try us ;
 The scriptural Cameron, godly but deep,
 Appears in some mystic relation to sheep ;
 Symbolical hint that this fleecer of men
 Is as pastoral, just, as he's pious !

" Who's who ? " I exclaim, with an agonised voice ;
 And Echo, my 'wilderment sharing,
 Calls out some absurd combinations of names,

* *In re* Fenwick de Porquet, trading as an agricultural implement manufacturer, under the title of Mary Wedlake & Co.—*Vide Times*, June 27th, 1857, Report of Proceedings in Bankruptcy.

And informs me that Fechter is *not* Edwin James,
 Though the Flexible Brothers of Bagdad rejoice
 In the joint appellation of Baring.

Sir Archibald Alison trades as Morel ;
 The Cure's Lord John Russell, I fancy.
 Millais passes for Woodin—he used to be Pell ;
 Viscount Williams of Lambeth—no end of a swell—
 May be Field the detective and Calcraft as well,
 For aught that you possibly *can* see.

Mrs. Gaskell (of course I mean Robins the clown)
 You'd hardly have guessed to be Moses ;
 Perhaps, too, you think it impossible quite
 That “Elizabeth Lazenby” means Mrs. Bright ;
 Or that no one whom any one sees about town
 Is the one that the other supposes.

The pamphlet by Captain Magan (“Silent Long”)
 On the export returns of Havanna,
 Which may have suggested the opening lines
 In Eisenberg’s “Maud,” about cheap dinner wines—
 Mr. Newby declares, and he never is wrong,
 Was revised by Miss Julia Pastrana.

If Dr. de Jongh, being Holyoake's aunt,
 Stops the heirs of the late Robert Owen
 From selling his right in the cod-liver oil
 To Keeley, in trust for the offspring of Doyle,
 Can Blondin recover ? I say that he can't.
 Wait a bit though ; I feel my brain going !

They say that a total is greater or less
 If something you add or take from it.
 My head !—I mean hers—no ; yours. Here it is—
 catch !

We're all of us friends, you know, round Colney Hatch!
A Bishop's a man. Ha, ha! Certainly. Yes.
Police! Hold me down! I'M THE COMET!

Godfrey Turner.

ODE BY A CHRISTMAS PUDDING AT SEA.

LAT., 49° 5' N.; LONG., 9° 17' W.

To all you Puddings now on shore
I write, to give a notion
Of what mishaps there are in store
For Puddings born on Ocean:
It blew a gale from sou'-sou'-west,
But the skipper's wife she did her best,
As she kneaded the dough on her own sea-chest,
With a fal lal lal lal la.

The vessel gave a lurch, a wave
Right down the hatchway came;
The skipper's wife stood stout and brave,
I wish I'd done the same;
For I rolled in a fright along the floor,
And the skipper, coming in at the door,
Gave me a kick, which my jacket tore,
With a fal lal lal lal la.

His good wife gathered up the bits,
And put my limbs together;
Says she, "I must have lost my wits
To cook in such foul weather;
But sailor-boys they love good cheer,
And Christmas comes but once a year,
So I won't be beat, I'll persevere."
With a fal lal lal lal la.

The galley-fire burnt bright and clear,
 As she put me into the pot;
 Thinks I, "It suits me being here,
 I feel so jolly and hot."
 But a great green sea burst over the deck,
 And I fancied myself a perfect wreck,
 In cold salt water up to my neck,
 With a fal lal lal lal la.

Cries cook, "The Pudding's surely spoiled."
 "No, no!" says the skipper's wife;
 "That Christmas Pudding shall be boiled,
 If I sacrifice my life."
 With her own fair hands she lit the fire,
 And though the waves rose higher and higher,
 At last she accomplished her desire,
 With a fal lal lal lal la.

And here they are, these Sailor-boys,
 All full of mirth and glee;
 They sit in a ring, with lots of noise,
 And they're going to eat poor Me!
 When smack! there comes a roaring squall,
 A lurch—and into the scuppers fall
 Sailor-boys, Christmas Pudding, and all,
 With a fal lal lal lal la.

Arthur Locker.

A HORRIBLE TALE.

WITHOUT—the wind against the pane
 Sighed like a ghost that strives to gain
 Admittance to its old domain.

Within—the fire burnt brimstone-blue,
So that each face, to neighbours' view,
Seemed of a ghastly, corpse-like hue.

Close by the fire sat Mr. Jones,
Who told, in earnest awe-struck tones,
A thrilling tale of blood and bones !

A tale of mystery and crime,
Beginning, "Once upon a time,"
And echoing like a funeral chime.

We listened with a solemn dread,
As to a message from the dead,
For Jones believed each word he said.

And as he spoke he waxed in vigour ;
His hair rose up, his eyes grew bigger ;
He seemed a supernatural figure !

Entranced, we marked his stony glare,
His hollow voice, his bristling hair ;
Our eyeballs gave back stare for stare !

And then we saw upon the wall
A Something that was worse than all,
Something that held us fast in thrall.

A gruesome Shape, with peaked jaw,
With hornèd head, with outstretched paw,
And at each finger's end a claw !

Our blood was chilled, we could not speak,
We could not even raise a shriek.
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

But Fear was soon laid on the shelf,
 When we perceived this monstrous elf
 Was but the shade of Jones himself.

Reaction made us laugh—and that
 Made Jones's tale seem rather flat,
 So presently he sought his hat.

Arthur Locker.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MOONLIGHT.

TRUDGING across the purple sky,
 The Man in the Moon looked down
 Over the gaslights, and chimney-pots,
 And steeples of London Town ;
 The clocks were striking the midnight hour
 As he peeped into a lady's bower ;
 And he there saw a sight
 Which made him exclaim,
 “I could linger all night
 To gaze on that same.”
 It was really rude of him to stare
 At Caroline, combing her golden hair.
 Enraptured with what he saw,
 He sighed, “I wish I could draw—
 But, stay ! I'll go to
 A man who can photo.”
 He blew his silver whistle, and straight
 Twelve little Stars from the Milky Way
 Came with a curtsey, and said, “We wait,
 Your Highness, to do whatever you say.”
 He whispered his wishes, and, forthwith, laden
 With the sweet burden of that fair maiden,
 They carried Caroline through the air,

Over street, and terrace, and square,
Till they arrived at Chancery Lane ;
And there, without breaking a single pane,
The crystal roof gave way at a touch.

And Caroline much
Surprised at her sudden aerial excursion,
Accomplished without the least exertion,
Found herself sitting,
After her flitting,
In Mr. Charles Watkins's patient's chair !
Then the Man in the Moon called a Comet, and
said :
“ Go, fetch the photographer out of his bed ! ”
Off flew the Comet at lightning pace,
Woke Watkins by whisking his tail in his face,
And said : “ Charlie W.,
Sorry to trouble you,
But you're wanted upstairs for an urgent case.”
Watkins grumbles, and yawns, and wakes,
Then dresses himself in a brace of shakes.

Now for this wonderful operation !
In a state of excessive agitation
The Man in the Moon did his best to shine,
For he loved the fair sitter, Miss Caroline.
But though she sat like a statue, and her face wore
a charming expression,
Though Watkins tried all he knew
To focus her sharp and true,
The pieces of sensitive glass never yielded the
 slightest impression.
Hour after hour passed,
And nothing was done, till at last
Red streaks in the eastern sky,
Proclaimed that day was nigh.

Then in the Shooter's Hill direction
 Uprose an Orb with a ruddy complexion—
 'Twas Apollo himself—the Lord of Light—
 And he cried : “ Some exceedingly impudent
 wight
 Is daring to poach on my domain—
 Mr. Moon, don't attempt these tricks again,
 Remember, you only shine by reflection ! ”
 Then he laughed such a laugh of utter derision,
 That Caroline woke—it was only a vision !

Arthur Locker.

SAINT MONDAY.

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.

“ SINCE week after week we have toiled in the City,
 Next Monday at ten, if the morning is fair,
 Let us meet at the Waterloo Station, dear Kitty,
 And worship Saint Monday in fresh country air.”

Monday's sky was a picture—I counted upon it
 In the ocean of blue a few islands of white ;
 King Sun, I am sure, thought of Kitty's new bonnet,
 And warned all the rain-clouds to keep out of sight.

I dressed in my best, and went down to the Garden—
 That famed Convent Garden, where nuns long ago,
 Lest their feelings, for lack of real lovers, should harden,
 Made roses, and pansies, and lilies, their beaux.

The nuns have departed, but flowers still abound there,
 And fruits of all climates, the choicest and best :
 A basket of strawberries for Kitty I found there ;
 I pulled a blush-rose to be pinned at her breast.

How sweetly she smiled as I entered the station !
 How softly she chid me because I was late !
 I glanced round the platform with some exultation,
 For I saw not a girl to compare to my Kate.

We did not make love in the train, for our carriage
 Was full, and my Kitty is shy of display ;
 So we sat like a pair after ten years of marriage,
 Inhaling the breath of the newly-mown hay.

Arrived at the Palace, we looked at the pictures
 Of warriors who frown, and of ladies who charm.
 How patiently Kate heard my critical strictures !
 How happy I felt as she leant on my arm !

We praised the Court beauties of Lely and Kneller ;
 " But yon carved oaken frame, which hangs low on
 the wall,
 Contains, dearest Kate," so I ventured to tell her,
 " By far the most beautiful portrait of all."

" 'Tis only a mirror," she answered. " No, really,
 Dear Kitty, a picture has come into view—
 Such a pretty young lady ! Can she be by Lely ?
 My darling, I vow 'tis exactly like you ! "

Kate coloured, then laughed, then began to chastise me,
 With her parasol-tip, as if I was to blame :
 I glanced round, and as no one was near to surprise me,
 I kissed her in front of that old oaken frame.

Our sight-seeing done, we were tempted to linger
 Beneath an old yew, on the smooth-shaven lawn :
 Kate dealt out our fruit, till each dear little finger
 Was rosily tipped, like Aurora's at dawn.

Then I read in our guide-book of Wolsey and Harry,
Of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr,
And, methought, had bluff Hal had the rare luck to
 marry
My Kitty, he couldn't have ventured so far.

We finished our day with a row on the water,
 I pressed Kate to steer, and in each little hand
Put a tiller-rope—then, as I carefully taught her,
 She timidly gave me the word of command.

Then I grew sentimental, and said, “ If this river,
 Instead of the Thames, were the dark stream of Fate,
Contented I'd row on for ever and ever
 With just such a dear little coxswain as Kate.”

We were loath to return, but the sun was descending,
 And Kitty's mamma would be wanting her tea;
“ Pleasures never seem sweeter than just as they're
 ending.”

The same thought occurred both to Kitty and me.

And how kind was the guard, who contrived to
 discover—
I think the good soul had a love of his own—
That I stood towards Kate in the light of a lover,
 And gave us a box, by ourselves, all alone.

Of all folks that evening he did us the best turn—
 Perhaps he was Cupid, in charge of the train—
If so, for our next trip we'll choose the South Western,
 And worship Saint Monday at Hampton again.

Arthur Locker.

THE BRITISH SABBATH: A DIABOLICAL
REVERIE.—1858.

THE Devil he sat in his easy-chair,
His face was furrowed with lines of care,
For things had been going on far too well—
The balance was bad in the ledger of hell :
Even war, so often his firm ally,
For once had proved angel of unity
To a nation that frittered in petty strife
And in selfish sloth its heart and life :
 And the Devil he looked glum.

Then he turned to the *Times'* police reports,
For he was most terribly out of sorts ;
But when he read of the beaten wife,
Of the poisoned friend, of the drunken strife,
His tail, which, grown limp, grey, and scant of hair,
Lay mournfully coiled beneath his chair,
Began to move gently hither and fro,
And his swarthy cheek began to glow :
 “Here's a health to my friends,” quoth he.

Then the Devil read how a black-robed crew—
Quoth he, “They stick to my livery too”—
Had all met under the sad pretence
Of forming themselves for the Sabbath defence,
To promote throughout the English nation
To their utmost the Sunday desecration,
And to leave no choice to the man of labour
But loving his drink, or hating his neighbour—
 No choice but the gin-shop or church.

Quoth he :—“I know what these fellows teach,
For I once heard a famous parson preach.
I took a great brass-bound gilt-edged book—

My malignant scowl passed for pious look—
Ah me : what a weary time was that !
Two hours on my stiffening tail I sat :
With the pins and needles I grew quite pale,
And for near three weeks could not wag that tail,
For the parson had sent it to sleep.

“ The preacher said from the skies above
That he brought a message of hope and love.
Thought I, ‘ This never will do for me,
But I’ll stop a minute and wait to see.’
And when the message he came to tell,
Meseemed that it came not from heaven but hell,
And I fixed my eyes on the topmost rafter,
For fear I should burst into peals of laughter,
At a message so wonderful quaint.

“ He said the message came but to them
Who believed exactly as suited him,
Whom he midwifed into their second birth,
And God damn the rest of the living earth ;
That Socinians, Turks, and Catholics, all
Belonged to the Devil—both great and small :
He repeated this message again and again,
I could do no less than cry out, ‘ Amen ’ ;
‘ But,’ thought I to myself, ‘ I wish I knew
I was sure of them as I am of you.’ ”
And the Devil went reading on ;—

“ How the only day that the world of Art
And Nature found time to touch the heart,
Of their own museums priests robbed the poor,
Of their picture-galleries shut the door,
While the rich had their club and reading-room,
Green-house and hot-house in constant bloom ;

'Mid the beasts and the birds they might freely stray,
In gardens closed to the poor that day.
Priests would fain the Creator should say no word,
On His day, lest His voice and not theirs be heard !
So Creation's works were hid.

" In the cruel old days it was even worse,
Priests laboured to make God's day a curse ;
They blasphemed the Saviour as weary and worn,
He led His disciples through fields of corn ;
'Gainst the scandalous cure of the withered arm,
Raised in savage anger a fierce alarm ;
Their religion with blood they freely spiced,
They kept the Sabbath and crucified Christ,
For teaching God's Sabbath could never be
The Sabbath that suited the Pharisee,
Or the unbelieving Scribe.

" Now the priests and the gin-shops go hand in hand,
On the Sabbath defence they take their stand ;
Or blood-reeking worship or savage sin,
The spirit of hate or the spirit of gin !
And thus do they offer the heavens above
A day that is worthy the God of love.
' Hurrah,' said the Devil, ' they serve me well ;
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sabbath of hell !
Hip hurrah, for the Sabbath of hell !'"

Says Satan, " It's just as it used to be,
The priests have been ever good friends to me ;
But the worst of it is in this English land,
That priests have not always the upper hand.
Let's see what the Parliament have to say,
They p'r'aps may step in to preserve the day :

For surely the English can't be such fools
 As to send to the Commons mere parsons' tools !
 So the Devil went reading on ;—

How the Commons of England's majesty
 Had consecrated the blazoned lie,
 That there ever could be a divine command
 That the wonders of Art and God's own hand
 On that day should instruct or elevate
 The souls of none but the wealthy and great,
 Rich men, to keep fanatic howls away,
 Had sold to the Devil the poor man's day,
 And cringed to the demon of Cant.

Quoth Satan :—“The British make some pretence
 To what they call practical common-sense,
 Now parsons live in a world alone
 Where no glimmer of sense is ever known ;
 From which they look forth on God's beauteous earth,
 Declaring it cursed from its very birth ;
 But when men of the world can so strangely forget
 Truth and duty, by Jove, there is hope of them yet !
 The respectable world is mine !”

We English boast we have broken free
 From the bonds of a Papal tyranny,
 Yet the Church makes each muddle-headed son
 A Pope, and has thousands instead of one.
 When parsons yell'd souls were in jeopardy,
 Six hundred picked Englishmen funked the cry.
 No wonder the Devil adores a priest,
 No wonder from that day he never has ceased
 A-wagging his tail, and I'm told since then
 It has grown quite hairy and sleek again.

Philip Henry Rathbone.

CARMEN STETTINENSE.

“ CAVIAR AND RUDESHEIMER.”

This poem was written at Stettin, in Pomerania, while the author was on his way to St. Petersburg, in 1856. See *Journey due North, a Residence in Russia* (1859).

A SHILLING book of Thackeray's
I lately bought at Aix-la-Chapelle,
And read it as I travell'd north,
A-munching of a Rhenish apple:
[Not that I really ate the fruit;—
'Twas merely said to turn a rhyme, a
Task I am now intent upon,
O'er Caviar and Rudesheimer.]

The famous dish of *Bouillabaisse*
[As vile a mess as e'er I tasted];
The mighty Makepeace he hath sung—
A *critique* on it would be wasted.
But as I set the lines to tune,
And with my foot beat softly time, a
Thought came across me that *I'd* sing
Of Caviar and Rudesheimer.

Now, Caviar's dried sturgeon's roe
[A fish that haunts the deep so vasty];
Some think its flavour exquisite,
And some intolerably nasty.
'Tis glossy, granulated, black,
And cover'd with a salty rime, a
Device to raise the thirst you slake
With copious draughts of Rudesheimer.

There are some little cakes of bread
 [Not thicker much than vermicelli] ;
 On these you spread the Caviar,
 Which looks like salt black-currant jelly—
 Or rather jam ; and then you crunch
 One tempting morsel at a time—a,
 And take to each half-dozen bits,
 Say, half a flask of Rudesheimer.

Twice three long days I've journeyed on,
 Along the northern German road—a ;
 The day is damp—the chimney smokes—
 And I'm at Stettin-on-the-Oder.
 Remote, unfriended, sick and sore,
 I know not how to pass the time—a ;
 I cannot read the “*Fremdenblatt*,”
 And so I fly to Rudesheimer.

There ! let the stupid world go slide :
 'Mid chickens, donkeys kick their heels up ;
 See ! here the smooth-shaved *kellner* comes ;
 Again my ruby glass he fills up.
 What's Love? a sigh ; what's Life ? a lie ;
 Is truth on tap in any clime—a ?
 The *summum bonum* here, below,
 Is Caviar and Rudesheimer.

The King of Prussia drinks champagne ;
 Old Porson drank whate'er was handy ;
 Maginn drank gin ; judge Blackstone, port,
 And many famous wits drink brandy.
 Stern William Romer* drinketh beer,
 And so does Tennyson the rhymer ;
 But I'll renounce all liquors for
 My Caviar and Rudesheimer.

* A Bohemian artist of the period.

If Prussian thalers I'd per ann.

One thousand [just three pound a-week 'tis],
 I'd scorn the golden treadmill's round,
 And cry to conquerors "*Væ victis!*"
 My blue-eyed Gretchen she should spin,
 And I would loaf away the time—a,
 And smoke and sing the live-long day,
 With Caviar and Rudesheimer.

I'd have my rooms three storeys high,
 With balconies the street o'erhanging,
 Whence I could see the children play,
 And hear the quack his gulls haranguing.
 But, ah ! I've not a pound a-year ;
 Nay, oft for weeks I've not a dime—a ;
 And so I dare not even dream
 Of Caviar and Rudesheimer.

If some kind heart that beats for me,
 This troubled head could e'er be press'd on ;
 If, in the awful night, this hand,
 Outstretch'd, a form I loved could rest on ;
 If wife, or child, or friend, or dog,
 I call'd my own, in any clime—a,
 This lyre I'd tune to other strains
 Than Caviar and Rudesheimer.

Stay ! there's a poodle, who's my friend,
 Shaved "*Henri*," far across the ocean :
 But, bah ! I'm maudlin ; t'other flask
 Will chase this babyish emotion.
 Her hair was light, her eyes were bright ;
 I heard her bridal—death-bell, chime—a ;
 Here, *kellner* ! take away the glass ;—
 My eyes are dim with—Rudesheimer.

Inspector Symons is an ass—
 He may be right, though, in his praxis ;
 What, though the moon does not rotate,
 And hasn't even got an axis ?
 The earth is square—the sky's pea-green—
 'Tis half-a-mile from Hull to Lima ;
 And I'm as drunk as any lord
 On Caviar and Rudesheimer.

George Augustus Sala.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI.

STATUS QUO.

IN that same realm of rabid Belzebub,
 Who fits to every crime its punishment,
 Over a sink of unimagined scent
 Lies Mauro Cappellari, visage *sub.*
 And he, who was in life a moveless tub,
 Moveless immovable he there is pent :
 And aye for aye the Church's President
 Sucks in an odour—not the one they dub
 "Of Sanctity."—"Another pain, and worse,"
 He one day said, "provide me : I can bear
 No more the stink of all the universe."
 But Belzebub to him replied, "No, no !
 Thou shalt remain to everlasting there !
 This is the penalty of the *Status Quo.*"

William Michael Rossetti.

SALVATOR ROSA.

AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD NOT BELIEVE HIM TO
BE THE REAL AUTHOR OF HIS SATIRES.

THEREFORE, because Salvator is my name,
Do all and sundry “Crucify him !” shout?
But well it must be that the rascal rout
Should only after Passion yield me fame.
More than one Pilate asks me if I came
At Satire’s crown by thieving out and out :
Me Peters more than one deny and scout,
More than one Judas gives the kiss of shame.
A gang of canting and unhappy Jews
Swear that with glory’s sanctum making free,
I use another’s Godhead in abuse.
But this time they shall find the thing askew :
They do the thieves, the Christ I shall not do ;
Rather my Pindus proves their Calvary.

William Michael Rossetti.

HEINE, 1856.

THE most delicious master of the lash,
Most intricate in choice simplicity,
Sweetest in love-lilt, and in irony
Consummate, as the opposed perceptions clash,
And leave a tingling silence ; born to abash
The priest and acolyte, and half to free
The ponderous German mind with augury
Of coming storm and sunshine when the crash
Of lightning-hearted France shall penetrate
The air which kinglets and professors breathe :
Heine, the clarion of all brains which seethe
With bright revolt and swift iconoclasm ;
Unvanquished martyr of his eight years' spasm ;
French German Jew, immortal reprobate.

William Michael Rossetti.

THE CHINESE OPIUM WAR, 1842.

A CHRISTIAN merchant likes to sell his drug—
Poison, it may be, but the chance is yours
Who buy it. Buy it not, and all your floors
Of joss-houses shall tremble, and the tug
Of war constrain you. The religious Thug
(Yet not a Christian) in like manner scores
Successive victims of his noose, adores
His Juggernaut, and nestles in the hug
Of well-earned sleep. A Buddhist Emperor's gong
Booms, and he swears "It shall not be." Effete,
Atrophied, bloodless, sheep-faced, with a bleat
Like sheep, his millions suck their opium still.
Our British, to the missionaries' song
Of loud Te Deum, gird themselves and kill.

William Michael Rossetti.

DICKENS, 1870.

FRIEND of the friendless, curious-peering eye
Which, through the beggar's rags, the harlot's ban,
The reeking hide of the vulgarian,
Sees the quick heart of our humanity ;
Impatient reprobater of the lie
That flares and sputters in the seemly van
Of social order stablished, whereto man
And monkey jabber their responsive cry ;
Illuminator of the darkest slums
Of England and the world with humorous quip,
Which flashes, and wild laughter flashes too :
Dickens, swift Vanderdecken of such a crew
Of build outlandish as might man a ship
Where Laputa's coast-line fronts on Christendom's.

William Michael Rossetti.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

SUCH a hubbub in the nests,
 Such a bustle and squeak !
 Nestlings, guiltless of a feather,
 Learning just to speak,
 Ask—" And how about the fashions ? "
 From a cavernous beak.

Perched on bushes, perched on hedges,
 Perched on firmahas,
 Perched on anything that holds them,
 Gay papas and grave mammas
 Teach the knowledge—thirsty nestlings :
 Hear the gay papas.

Robin says : " A scarlet waistcoat
 Will be all the wear,
 Snug, and also cheerful-looking
 For the frostiest air,
 Comfortable for the chest too
 When one comes to plume and pair."

" Neat grey hoods will be in vogue,"
 Quoth a Jackdaw : " Glossy grey,
 Setting close, yet setting easy,
 Nothing fly away ;
 Suited to our misty mornings,
A la negligée."

Flushing salmon, flushing sulphur,
 Haughty Cockatoos
 Answer—" Hoods may do for mornings,
 But for evenings choose
 High head-dresses, curved like crescents,
 Such as well-bred persons use."

“Top-knots, yes ; yet more essential
 Still, a train or tail,”
 Screamed the Peacock ; “Gemmed and lustrous,
 Not too stiff, and not too frail ;
 Those are best which rearrange as
 Fans, and spread or trail.”

Spoke the Swan, entrenched behind
 An inimitable neck :
 “After all, there’s nothing sweeter
 For the lawn or lake
 Than simple white, if fine and flaky
 And absolutely free from speck.”

“Yellow,” hinted a Canary,
 “Warmer, not less *distingué*. ”
 “Peach colour,” put in a Lory,
 “Cannot look *outré*. ”
 All the colours are in fashion,
 And are right, the Parrots say.

“Very well. But do contrast
 Tints harmonious,”
 Piped a Blackbird, justly proud
 Of bill aurigerous ;
 “Half the world may learn a lesson
 As to that from us.”

Then a Stork took up the word :
 “Aim at height and *chic* :
 Not high heels, they’re common ; somehow,
 Stilted legs, not thick,
 Nor yet thin :” he just glanced downward
 And snapped to his beak.

Here a rustling and a whirring,
As of fans outspread,
Hinted that mammas felt anxious
Lest the next thing said
Might prove less than quite judicious,
Or even underbred.

So a mother Auk resumed
The broken thread of speech :
“ Let colours sort themselves, my dears,
Yellow, or red, or peach ;
The main points, as it seems to me,
We mothers have to teach,

“ Are form and texture, elegance,
An air reserved, sublime ;
The mode of wearing what we wear
With due regard to month and clime.
But now, let’s all compose ourselves,
It’s almost breakfast-time.”

A hubbub, a squeak, a bustle !
Who cares to chatter or sing
With delightful breakfast coming ?
Yet they whisper under the wing :
“ So we may wear whatever we like,
Anything, everything.”

Christina Rossetti.

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ALL SAINTS'.

IN a church which is furnish'd with mullion and gable,
 With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and groin,
 The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
 The odour of sanctity's eau-de-Cologne.

But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,

Gaze down on this crowd with its panniers and paints,
 He would say, as he looked at the lords and the ladies,
 "Oh, where is All Sinners', if this is All Saints'?"

Edmund Yates.

AGED FORTY.

No *Times*! no book!—and I must wait
 A full half-hour ere Doldrum comes!
 Brown would find pictures in the grate,
 Jones watch the twirling of his thumbs:
 Both noble aims; but, after all,
 E'en such delights are apt to pall.
 Confound the stupid place!
 What shall I do the time to pass?
 I'll give five minutes to the glass,
 And contemplate my face.

My face! Is this long strip of skin,
 Which bears of worry many a trace,
 Of sallow hue, of features thin,
 This mass of seams and lines, my face?
 The aspect's bad, the glass is wrong,
 Some cheating ray must fall along
 The surface of the plate!
 I've known myself now forty year,
 Yet never saw myself appear
 In such a sorry state.

I'll speak to Doldrum—wait awhile !

Let's think a little while before deciding.
Of late I've noticed Nelly's smile

Has been less kind and more deriding.

Can I be growing old? Can youth
Have said farewell? The simple truth

I'll have, no doubt concealing;

Straightway I'll put my heart to school,
And though I find I've played the fool,

I'll speak out every feeling.

When introduced to Minnie Blair

Last night on waltzing purpose bent,
I saw that rosebud smile and stare,

Half pity, half astonishment.

"Engaged," she murmured as I bowed,
But ere I mingled with the crowd,

I caught her muttered word—

"*I waltz with him!* How can Grace bring
Me such a pompous stout old thing?

She's really too absurd!"

A "stout old thing!" Oh, Lucy, love,

Ten long years resting in the grave,
Whose simply-sculptured tomb above

The feathery-tufted grasses wave—

Couldst thou bear such a term applied

To him who won thee for his bride,

Whose heart for thee nigh broke?

Round whose slim neck thine arm would twine,
As round the elm the eglantine,

Or ivy round the oak.

'Twas but last week, in Truefitt's shop,
 A man, with aspect grave and calm,
 Said I was "thinning at the top,"
 And recommended some one's Balm !
 What "balm in Gilead" could recall
 The mother's touch that used to fall
 Upon my childish brow ?
 That soft sweet hand that used to toy
 With thick curl clusters of her boy
 Where is that mother now ?

Gone is my hack, my gallant roan,
 Too hot for use. I've in his place
 A cob "well up to fourteen stone,"
 Of ambling gait and easy pace.
 The arm that stopped the Slasher's blow,
 Or clave Rhine's flood, hangs listless now,
 No grist to any "mill."
 The legs so stalwart and so strong
 Which, all unsaltering, climbed Mont Blanc,
 Now ache at Primrose Hill.

My heart ! my what ?—ten years have passed,
 Ten dreary years of London life
 And worldly selfishness, since last
 My heart was quickened in Love's strife :
 A look would make my pulses dance ;
 How swift would dim my bright eye's glance
 When Grief turned on her main !
 Naught makes my eye now brightly glow
 Save Mümm's Moselle, or Clos Vaugeot,
 Or Veuve Cliquot's champagne.

Yet I have known—ay, I have known,
If e'er 'twere given to mortal here,
The pleasure of the lowered tone,
The whisper in the trellised ear ;
The furtive touch of tiny feet,
The heart's wild effervescent beat,
The maddened pulse's play :
Those hearts are now all still and cold,
Those feet are 'neath the churchyard mould,
And I—have had my day !

What quiv'ring lips and eyelids wet
At recollection of the dead !
No well-bred man should show regret
Though youth, though love, though hope be fled !
Ha ! Doldrum, man, come back ! What news ?
So Frank's gazetted to the Blues !
And Jack's got his divorce.
I'll toddle down towards the club ;
A cutlet—then our usual "rub"—
You'll join us there, of course !

Edmund Yates.

A SON AND HEIR.

Hould him up !
Hould him up !
Joy ! joy !
Hould him up ! hould him up !
Is that the boy ?
Hould him up !

Stand out of the way, women,
 Stand out of the way !
 Here ! Misthriss Shimmin !
 Here ! I say.
 Here ! here !
 Aw dear !
 Is this him ?
 Every limb—
 Taut and trim—
 Here's a hull !
 Here's a breast—
 Like a bull !
 He's got my finger in his fess !
 He hess ! he hess !
 Look at the grip !
 What ! is that a smile upon his lip ?
 He can't do that ?
 What ! what !
 Smile ?
 And so it ess !
 My gough ! what a chile !

 Feel the grissle !
 Feel it though !
 Stop ! I'll whistle—
 Whew— — bo !
 What's he doin' ?
 Is it cooin'
 You call it when he goes like yandher ?
 See his eyes the way they wandher !
 Hullo ! hullo !
 Where'll ye go ? where'll ye go ?
 Keep her so !
 There's a look !
 There's another !

The little rook !
What's he wantin'
With this gallivantin'?
Ah the mother ! ah the mother !

Yiss ! yiss !
Muss hev a kiss !
Aw Kitty, Kitty vogh !
Aw my gough !
Kitty darlin' ! Kitty then !
And me so far away !
The hard it must ha' ben !
Were you freckened, Kitty, eh ?
Navar mind !
Here I am,
As consigned ;
And axin' your pardon, Mrs. Shimmin,
ma'am,
Here's the joy !
Here's our boy, Kitty !
Here's our boy.

Listen ! I'll tell you a thing—
By jing !
I've calkerlated it to a dot,
But whether or not—
The very night Kitty was tuck—
Just three days,
If you plaze,
Out of Dantzig, there was a sea struck—
Jemmy'll remember—
Every timber
Shuck !
Close-hauled, you know ; and I navar tould ye,
But behould ye !

In the trough there—rowlin' in it—
Just that minute—

I saw a baby, as plain,
Passin' by on a slant of rain
To leeward ; and his little shift
Streamin' away in the long grey drift.

I saw him then—you didn't regard me—
But his face was toward me—

Oughtn't I to know him ?
Well, I saw him afore Kitty saw him—
I saw him, and there he ess,
There upon his mother's breast !
The very same, I'll assure ye ;
And I think that'll floor ye !
And his body all in a blaze of light—
A dirty night !

Where was he goin' ?
Who's knowin' ?

He was in a hurry in any case,
And the Baltic is a lonesome place.

But here he is all right !
Here he is now ! joy ! joy !
God bless the boy !

Have you tould the Pazon ? What did he say ?
Has he seen him—ould Pazon Gale ?
Aw, you tould the Pazon anyway !
Tould ? he'll turn the scale
At thirty pound,
I'll be bound.

Did you put it in the papers ?
No ! no ! what capers !
No ! no !
Splendid though !

Upon my life—
“Catharine, wife
Of Mounseer
Henry Creer
Exqueer,
Otherwise dadaa,
Of a son and heer ! ”
Hip, hip, hip, hurraa !

Bless my sowl ! am I draemin' ?
He'll make a saeman
Will yandher lad—
Aw the glad !
There's a back !
Yiss ! yiss ! Misthriss Shimmin, sartinly !
Go down to the smack,
Jemmy, and see—
Yiss ! Misthriss Shimmin,
And all the rest of the women—
'Scuse me, ladies—rather 'cited,
Just the delighted, you know, the delighted—
And every raison to suppose
[See him cockin' his nose !]
That the best of care
And ceterar— — —
I'll get that with Mrs. Shimmin, did ye say ?
Eh ?

Go, Jemmy ! they're lyin' quite handy,
A bottle of rum, and another of brandy—
In the starboard locker theer—
And, Jemmy, there's a taste of gin—
And navar fear !
Tell the chaps to finish it,
All the kit—

And listen—tell ould Harper
 We'll take and warp her
 Inside,
 On the mornin' tide—
 About half-past four'll be time to begin—
 My gough, but we'll have a chirzzenin' !

Thomas E. Brown.

JIM BLUDSO.

WAL, no ! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Because he don't live, you see ;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three years
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jemmy Bludso passed-in his checks,
 The night of the *Prairie Belle* ?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
 And another one here in Pike.
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward man in a row—
 But he never funked, and he never lied ;
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engines well ;
 Never be passed on the river ;
 To mind the pilot's bell ;

And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats have their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last.
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed ;
And so come tearin' along that night,—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
To that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
“ I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.”

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.

He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then :
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

DISTICHES.

WISELY a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day; some day the lover will not.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going,
When they seem going they come : Diplomats, women, and crabs.

As the meek beasts in the Garden came flocking for Adam to name them,
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king.

What is a first love worth except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

John Hay.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

GOOD Luck is the gayest of all gay girls ;
Long in one place she will not stay :
Back from your brow she strokes the curls,
Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
And stays—no fancy has she for flitting,—
Snatches of true-love songs she hums,
And sits by your bed, and brings her knitting.

John Hay.

PLUCKING A FLOWER.

He. O MAIDEN, vermeil rose !
Unplanted, unsown,
Blooming alone
As the wild flower blows,
With a will of thine own !
Neither grafted nor grown,
Neither gather'd nor blown,
O maiden, O rose !
Blooming alone
In the green garden-close,
Unnoticed, unknown,
Unpropt, unsupported,
Unwater'd, unfed,
Unkist and uncourted,
Unwoo'd and unwed,
O sweet wild rose,
Who knows ? who knows ?

Might I kiss thee and court thee?
My kiss would not hurt thee !
O sweet, sweet rose,
In the green garden-close,
If a gate were undone,
And if I might come to thee,
And meet thee alone ?
Sue thee, and woo thee,
And make thee my own ?
Clasp thee, and cull thee—what harm would be
done ?

She. Beside thy field my garden blows.
Were a gate in the garden left open . . . who
knows ?
And I water'd my garden at eventide ?
(Who knows ?)
And if somebody silently happen'd to ride
That way ? And a horse to the gate should be
tied ?
And if somebody (who knows who ?), unespied,
Were to enter my garden to gather a rose ?
Who knows ? . . . I suppose
No harm need be done. My belovèd one,
Come lightly, come softly at set of the sun !
Come, and caress me !
Kiss me, and press me !
Fold me, and hold me !
Kiss me with kisses that leave not a trace,
But set not the print of thy teeth on my face,
Or my mother will see it, and scold me.

Owen Meredith.

SEE-SAW.

I.

SHE was a harlot, and I was a thief :
 But we loved each other beyond belief :
 She lived in the garret, and I in the kitchen,
 And love was all that we both were rich in.

II.

When they sent her at last to the hospital,
 Both day and night my tears did fall ;
 They fell so fast that, to dry their grief,
 I borrow'd my neighbour's handkerchief.

III.

The world, which, as it is brutally taught,
 Still judges the act in lieu of the thought,
 Found my hand in my neighbour's pocket,
 And clapp'd me, at once, under chain and locket.

IV.

When they ask'd me about it, I told them plain,
 Love it was that had turn'd my brain :
 How should I heed where my hand had been,
 When my heart was dreaming of Celestine ?

V.

Twelve friends were so struck by my woful air,
 That they sent me abroad for change of air ;
 And, to prove me the kindness of their intent,
 They sent me at charge of the Government.

VI.

When I came back again,—whom, think you, I meet
But Celestine here, in Regent Street ?
In a carriage adorn'd with a coronet,
And a dress, all flounces, and lace, and jet :

VII.

For her carriage drew up to the bookseller's door,
Where they publish those nice little books for the poor ;
I took off my hat, and my face she knew,
And gave me—a sermon by Mr. Bellew.

VIII.

But she gave me (God bless her !), along with the book,
Such a sweet sort of smile, such a heavenly look,
That, as long as I live, I shall never forget
Celestine, in her coach with the earl's coronet.

IX.

There's a game that men play at in great London-town ;
Whereby some must go up, sir, and some must go down :
And since the mud sticks to your coat if you fall,
Why, the strongest among us keeps close to the wall.

X.

But some day, soon or late, in my shoes I shall stand,
More exalted than any great Duke in the land ;
A clean shirt on my back, and a rose in my coat,
And a collar conferr'd by the Queen round my throat.

XI.

And I know that my Celestine will not forget
To be there, in her coach with my lord's coronet :
She will smile to me then, as she smiled to me now :
I shall nod to her gaily, and make her my bow ;—

XII.

Before I rejoin all those famous old thieves,
Whose deeds have immortalised Rome, sir, and Greece:
Whose names are inscribed upon History's leaves,
Like my own on the books of the City Police :—

XIII.

Alexander, and Cæsar, and other great robbers,
Who once tried to pocket the whole universe :—
Not to speak of our own parliamentary jobbers,
With their hands, bless them all, in the popular purse.

Owen Meredith.

FATHER WILLIAM.

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
“ And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right ? ”

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain ;

But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat ;

Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—

Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple

By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—

Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;

Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,

And argued each case with my wife ;

And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,

Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;

Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—

What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Lewis Carroll.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done.
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "*it would be grand !*"

" If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
" That they could get it clear?"
" I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

" Oh, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
" A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter :
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

“ It was so kind of you to come,
And you are very nice ! ”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice ! ”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“ To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick ! ”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“ The butter’s spread too thick ! ”

“ I weep for you,” the Walrus said ;
“ I deeply sympathise.”
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief,
Before his streaming eyes.

“ Oh, Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“ You’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ? ”
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll.

THE DEAD MONK OF ST. BLAIZES THE BARE.

An Ancient and Full Curious Legend, done into a Jingle of Rhymes—with every Apology to the Manes of the Late Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire, of Tappington-Everard, in the County of Kent.

I.

ABBOT EADULPH sits throned in his Judgment Chair,
In the great groined Hall of St. Blaizes the Bare ;
 With his mitre and crook,
 And his bell and his book,
And his candle ; and doom-black Judgment Cope,
 With the orphreys of flame,
 And the hood of the same,
Which were blessed and sent over from Rome by the
 Pope.

It is New Year's Eve—Eadulph's annual assize,
To "hear and determine," admonish, advise,
 Order penance, give shrift,
 And turn black sheep adrift—
That the brotherhood all may, with consciences clear,
 Worl'dly passions subdued,
 Holy fervour renewed,
Say a midnight mass for the dying Old Year.

The Abbot sat early ; the Abbot sits late :
And what with the din of the old men's prate,
 And the harrying throes
 Of the gout in his toes,
And the cravings of hunger and worries of age,
 He fumes and he frets,
 And he flies into pets,
And at last shuts his book in a towering rage.

He closes his court ; he descends from his chair ;
And the little white boys with the golden hair,
 And Crucifer Rede,
 And Apparitor Bede
In procession are forming for leaving the Hall,
 When a terrible rout
 Is heard without,
Like a public-house row or a midnight brawl.

“ Who dares ! ”—Abbot Eadulph can utter no more
Ere a crowd of lay brethren swarm at the door,
 With a gabbling and sputt’ring,
 Which sink into mutt’ring,
As fiercely he orders them all to their knees.
 Then he singles out two—
 “ John and Peter, ’tis you
Who ferment all such scandalous uproars as these.

“ You’re the curse of the brotherhood—plague of my life,
With your squabbling, and wrangling, and old women’s
strife.
 Foregad ! But I’ll teach ye——”
At this point of his speech, he,
With very unabbotlike rancour and spite,
 At John hurls his crook,
 And at Peter his book,
And bids them pack out of his fatherly sight.

Then again he sets forth ; and in less than a crack
Is discussing with relish his capon and sack.
 John and Peter, meanwhile,
 Are venting their bile,

In language which cannot be stated in verse :
Suffice it to say,
That when each went his way,
He bestowed on the other his heartiest curse.

II.

Now, within a sling's throw of St. Blaizes the Bare,
Stands a snug public-house called the Tadpole and Chair,
Whereat the "choice spirits" of Yarrow-on-Yare
(A sleepy old town, with a sleepy old mayor),
Meet to gamble and tipple and "drive away care ;"
And at half-past ten,
In a little back den,
At this snug little hostel are seated two men,
Intent on a game
Of—I don't know its name—
It's akin to backgammon, but not quite the same.
(You've men and you've dice,
And you count by the points
On a leathern device
In a sham book with joints ;
But there's something peculiar in putting your man on,
And a game is a game—it's not called "the gammon.")
Lookers-on there are none ;
All the "company" 's gone
(As becomes quiet folk who've to rise before dawn).
All—excepting the two, who play silently on :
They're mine host of the Tadpole and—Lay Brother
John !
Ah ! could he but see—
As he tells off with glee,
For the tenth time, the winning points—one—two—
three—

The Shadow of Fear
 That is hovering near
 To shut out for ever the coming New Year,
 Brother John, I trow well, would have never been here.

But his winnings are great ;
 And with spirits elate
 He pockets his angels—coin big with fate—
 Not remarking the scowl of intensified hate
 Which upon the dark brow of the landlōrd sate :
 With a gay “God be wi’ ye—it’s getting quite late,”
 He turns him to go,
 When a treacherous blow
 On his cervical vertebræ lays him low.
 It was skilfully dealt,
 It could hardly be felt,
 Ere the joyous old monk
 Lay, without doubt, defunct,
 In a motionless heap, as though he’d been drunk.

His pockets are rifled—a gaping trap-door
 Is ready hoist up in the “snuggery” floor ;
 And into a well,
 Whose depth none might tell,
 Brother John had been bundled in one moment more ;
 When out from a cupboard,
 Like Old Mother Hubbard,
 Popp’d the murderer’s wife ! The murderer blubbered.
 Full many a blood-curdling deed had he done :
 He’d murdered for profit, he’d murdered for fun.
 But—’twas the one human trait in his inhuman life—
 He strove to conceal his worst crimes from his wife.
 “For myself I don’t care,”
 He’d been heard to declare,
 “But for her—blood’s a burden too heavy to bear.”

There've been many men else who in "Time's wingèd flight,"
I have the devil mistook for an angel of light.

"Come Joe! Be a man!"
Thus the lady began,
"Don't suppose that I've only just found out your plan;
I saw by your eye,
As to bed I went by,
That this wretched old baggage was destined to die;
So I just popped in there,
By the little back stair
(I've done so far oft'ner than you are aware),
And—had the job you've just done
Proved too much for one—
I'd have helped you—you trembling old son of a gun.
There, there, say no more;
Clap down the trap-door;
We mustn't put *this* body under the floor.
Old Peter's been in for his evening beer;
And—confound his sleek questions!—he *knows John is here*:
John's *not been seen since*—that's perfectly clear;
If John isn't *found* your case will look queer.
Now take my advice:
Pick him up in a trice,
And pitch him clean over the monast'ry wall:
It thus will appear, when they find him a-sprawl,
That being out late,
With no key to the gate,
He was clambering over in time for 'the call,'
And broke his pernicious old neck in the fall."
"Tis done as advised—not a moment too soon;
For the pale, clear rays of the rising moon

Are beginning to pierce the Cimmerian gloom
As the murd'rer returns to his little snug room.

Meanwhile, Brother John
Lies his full length along—

Never more to hear matins or evensong—
By the side of a fountain pellucid and deep,
As placid as if he were only asleep.

III.

Reigns silence supreme o'er the earth, in the air,
As the moonbeams troop down from their pearl-cavern'd
lair,

To sport with the shadows in Yarrow-on-Yare :

They through lattices teem,
With shimmering gleam,

To silver some sleeping child's innocent dream ;
They fall faint and fair

Where, disburthened of care,

Lie the mound-cover'd dead, near the lov'd house of
prayer ;

They trip o'er the green round the maypole bare ;
They frost the stone cross in the old Market Square ;

Like fairy and fay,
They noiselessly play

O'er the stream that purls on to its goal far away.
Into each shafted aisle

Of the great cloistered pile,

Looming out on the hill-top, they peer with a smile ;
They play hide-and-seek in its niches and porches ;
They flash from the glass like electrical torches ;
While buttress and mullion and corbel and band,
Are touched with the grace of their vanishing hand.
In the chapel they glimmer from groining to floor ;

Through the windows they pour—
 They creep under the door;
 They dance round the pillars, and flit lightly o'er
 The cressets and lecturns and carven rood-screen—
 Through the clerestory dart with a lance-like sheen.
 They sweep through the nave, draped in blinding white :
 But they pause in their flight,
 In the soft rainbow light
 Of the great eastern window, so richly bedight,
 Where the dream of the sheaves,
 And the Babe 'mong the beeves,
 And the Crucified One, hung between the two thieves,
 And a baron in greaves,
 And a priest in deep sleeves,
 Shine dappled in shadows, that fall from the leaves
 Of the ivy bush stirred by the moonlit breeze.

Hark ! a bell 'gins to swing with monotonous clang—
 “ Tang, tang—fang, tang : ”
 “ May the Abbot go hang ! ”
 Grumbled Sacristan Guy, as he out of bed sprang,
 “ Things *is* at a pass
 When we has to do mass
 On a mid-winter midnight ?—Egrejus old hass ! ”
 “ Tang, tang—tang, tang— ”
 All the corridors rang
 With echoing feet and doors shut with a bang,
 As thurifer, crucifer, acolyte small,
 Come hurrying all,
 At the bell's frenzied call,
 To make ready the chapel from altar to stall.
 “ Tang, tang—tang, tang— ”
 And still as it swang
 The helpers poured in in a motley gang :

All—all but poor John,
 Who lies full length along—
 Never more to hear matins or evensong—
 By the side of the fountain that's clear and deep,
 As placid as if he were only asleep.
 A whisper goes round—none can guess where he is,
 Excepting old Peter, who screws up his phiz
 Into one huge wink,
 Chuckling “What should you think,
 If my *dear* brother John was a victim to drink ?”
 “Tang, tang—tang, tang ;”
 Up starts with a pang
 The murd'rer, who dreams that it knells for a “hang,”
 And still feels a pain
 In his jugular vein,
 As he falls to his blood-broken slumbers again.
 “Tang, tang—tang, tang,” till the deep noon of night—
 The moonbeams, meanwhile, disappearing from sight,
 As light after light
 On the great altar's height
 Springs forth into being, all dazzling and bright ;
 And the lamps 'gin to shine
 Round the Patron Saint's shrine,
 And adown the long aisle in a glimmering line.

At length the old organ peals out soft and slow ;
 And the monks enter—kneeling down row after row
 On each side the aisle, where their tonsur'd heads show
 Like ostrich eggs ranged on a heap of “old clo’ :”
 The *Venite's* begun,
 The censers are swung
 By little white boys, who're remarkably young ;
 And Crucifer Rede,
 And Apparitor Bede,

And Banner-boy Paul, enter in, and precede
 The deacons and priest, who've the service to read.
 In dalmatic, and tunicle, needlework'd stark,
 Come Gospeller Cyril and Sub-deacon Mark ;
 While in chasuble, maniple, alb, and stole,
 Comes the Celebrant grey ; and to bring up the whole
 Abbot Eadulph, full-robed in his vestments of State—
 His cloth of gold cope and his jewelled breastplate.

What boots it to tell

How the clang of the bell

Mingled faintly with voice and with deep organ swell,
 As the stately procession moved on to the choir ;
 How the boys fell apart, while the men went up higher—
 Th' abbot to his rich-carven canopied chair—
 The deacons and priest to the High Altar stair ?

What boots it to say

How, in dazzling array,

The altar-plate shone like the sun at noonday ;
 Or what need to declare
 How the perfumed prayer,
 Sung in unison'd antiphons, filled all the air ?

The service is done—

It is just after one :

A half-dozen monks to the Abbot have run
 To say (while old Peter's enjoying the fun)
 That lay brother John lies as drunk as a tun
 At the Tadpole and Chair,
 Down in Yarrow-on-Yare ;
 Asks the Abbot full shrewdly, "Pray, who saw him
 there?"

The monks bring in Peter, who "begs to explain :
 He knows no such tavern—excepting by name ;
 But he heard a man say as he came up the lane
 That—really it gave him a great deal of pain

To repeat the report, but"—He paused with affright
As the Abbot roared "s'Light !
But I'll set this thing right ;
I'll be sure if 'tis fact, or mere personal spite.
If true, Brother John shall pay for it dearly ;
If untrue, you, Peter, shall rue it severely."

By the Abbot's command, two lay brethren repair
To that sinister tavern, the Tadpole and Chair,
They return to report that old John isn't there :

The landlord, they say,
Said he'd not been all day ;
But the landlady pressed
Him to make a clean breast,

And that John *had* been there he then freely confessed :
The landlady adding, that just before "call"
She saw John climb over the Monast'ry wall ;
"She feared he'd disabled himself by a fall."

Said the Abbot, " Go see,
And bring him to me ;
I'll teach him, the dog, to go out on the spree."

Their search was in vain ;
They came back again—

" He's not in the garden ; he's not in the lane ! "
The truth is, old Peter out that way had wander'd
And spied, as he o'er the case thoughtfully ponder'd,

The body of John
Lying full-length along,

By the side of the fountain pellucid and deep ;
And, anger'd to find him so calmly asleep,

He'd smote him a stroke
With his stout staff of oak,

And discovered soon after that John's neck was broke.
Having thus, as he thought, committed foul murther,
He deemed it no harm to go just one step further.

"To libel the dead,
Can hurt no one," he said,
"And 'twill save me, I think, from a course of dry
bread."

So he shouldered the body and bore it once more
To the place where 'twas brought from some two hours
before.

'Gainst the door of the Tadpole he propped it up neatly,
Gave a runaway rap, and "skedaddled" discreetly.

"Now they won't suspect *me*,"
He chuckled with glee,
"And they'll think John was killed in a public-house
spree."

He 'scaped Eadulph's searchers as homewards he sped,
And—the quest given up for the monk who was dead—
With the rest of the brethren he crept off to bed.

IV.

"Hark ! hark !—There's a knock !
Now be firm as a rock !"

The bolts are withdrawn—the key turns in the lock ;
And mine host of the Tadpole falls flat on the floor,
With a terrified yell, 'twixt a shriek and a roar,
As the corpse of old John tumbles in at the door :

 Rolling stark, to his side,
 With its eyes open wide,

It ghastfully glares at the prone homicide,
Whose terrors its death-grin appears to deride.

 The murderer moans,
 And shudders and groans ;
And a cold perspiration exudes from his bones
 As, deceived by the rustle
 Of his better-half's bustle,
He fears the dead monk's getting up for a tussle.

"Now, Joseph, be cool,
And don't play the fool,"
 Says his wife, in a whisper as hoarse as 'tis cruel ;
 "If you're not quite distraught
Give the matter a thought—
 Could a dead man come here unless he was brought ?
 Tut, tut ! Who cares who ? It's a parcel of fudge ;
 He's been brought here by some one who owes us a
 grudge.
 That's enough for his coming. Now as to his going !
 See how the old baggage sits mopping and mowing !
 Here—slip him into this sack,
 Take him up on your back,
 And pitch him out into the Yare in a crack :
 And they'll say when he's found,
 He, by mishap, was drowned :
 For our friend with the grudge will be mum, I'll be
 bound."

With the monk in the sack,
 And the sack on his back,
 The murd'rer steals on down the well-beaten track
 Which leads to the stream,
 Where the moonbeams gleam
 'Mong the ripples that throw off a silvery steam.
 He utters no sound,
 He looks not around,
 He keeps his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground,
 When he hears—click-a-clack—
 Near upon him, good lack !
 Certain footsteps that follow adown the same track.
 He contrives to look back :
 'Tis a Form with a sack
 Exactly like his ; and the Form's dressed in black !

He breathes hard and quick,
 'Tis full surely Old Nick !
 He pauses—small blame !
 The Form does the same,
 He steps on with his pack—
 Click-a-clack—click-a-clack—

The Form follows glibly ; 'tis still on his track.

Again he stops short,
 And as if in grim sport,

The Form does so too, and emits a loud snort.

All his muscles fall slack,
 His load slips off his back,

And he sinks down in fear by the side of his sack.

Then once more he takes courage, and peers round again,
 To find that the Form's done precisely the same.

"Cuss the body !" he cries ; "may the devil ketch holt
 of it !

For, come weal or come woe, *I'll* make a clean bolt
 of it."

The words were scarce said,
 When the Form scratched its head,

Lest its load in the roadway, and fearsomely fled.

Mine host stole on tiptoe, peeped into the sack
 Which the Form had abandoned, and started aback.

He looked in again, and murmured, "I'm blessed
 If this 'ere ain't a pig, and it's already dressed !"

Then he said something rude 'bout his limbs and his
 eyes,

Left the dead monk behind, and ran home with his prize.

V.

There's a cave in the forest that lies beyond Yarrow,
 From whence deeds are done fit to freeze up one's
 marrow :

It's spacious inside, though its entrance is narrow.

Just drop on your knees,

Under yon clump of trees,

And if you're not portly, and don't mind a squeeze,
And don't get stopped midway, you'll crawl in with ease.

Come, that's right ! We are there
In the famed "Robbers' Lair."

Blear-eyed, beetle-browed, and with unkempt hair—
How awful they look in the lurid torch-glare !

There's Slog the highwayman, there's Kidnapping Kit,
And Ben Bludyer, who many a weazand has slit ;

There's sheep-stealing Jem, and Sam Clots, with his
knife,

And Daggers, the Chieftain, and Daggers's wife,
Whose eyes are both blacked,

And whose face is much hacked,

For she's angered her mate and been what he calls
"whacked."

How they drink ! How they swear !

How they bellow and blare

O'er their cards ! But you want to get out in the air ?

Well, well, as you will—

Hark ! A whistle sounds shrill :

Says the Chieftain, "Go, see if it's Housebreaking Bill."

One creeps out and returns : "Here's a jolly rum rig—

Old Billy's come back, but he ain't brought the pig !"

Bill enters. "How's this ?

Have you made a (blank) miss ?"

"An' he has," growled the chieftain, "he'll rue it, I
wis."

At this Bill speaks up : "Pals all, look ye 'ere
(He'd been badly brought up, and his language was
queer),

I collar'd the porker, and got away clear ;
But in coming along by the old limestone delf,

I sees straight afore me a ugly old elf,
 On my oath, the exact ghost and fetch o' myself !
 With a pig in a sack,
 And the sack on his back,
 A labourin' along on the werry same track.
 I stops; he stops too. I goes on, so do he,
 In fac', he does everythink 'zactly like me !
 Ah, pals ! you may laugh, but old Bill you don't ketch
 A comin' to blows with his own ghost and fetch.
 I don't tell no lies ;
 I was took by surprise ;
 And if 'twasn't Old Nick, why—there the pig lies
 For the boldest to fetch, and—Lord help him as tries ! ”
 Two robbers—Tom Slog and the Chieftain himself—
 At once make their way to the lane by the delf ;
 And they there find a sack,
 Which they quickly bring back,
 Drag into the cave, and proceed to unpack.
 They open its mouth. Roars the Chief, “ Why, Bill's
 drunk ;
 This here ain't a pig ; it's the corpse of a monk ! ”
 Bill swears 'twas a pig that he left in the lane ;
 Says the Chief, “ My sweet William, I wish to refrain
 From the use of hard words, but you've sold us—that's
 plain.
 How I will not inquire ; but—don't do it again,
 Or perhaps we may open your jugular vein.
 Meanwhile take this sack,
 Hoist it up on your back,
 And, as business to-night is a little bit slack,
 Tom and I will go with you, and, dash my (blank) wig,
 You shall hang up the monk where you took down the
 pig.”
 ‘Tis done. Who shall tell
 Of the horror that fell

On the butcher who rose at the first matin bell,
And came to convey,
Ere the breaking of day,
The pig to a market town some miles away?
The loss of his pork was full grievous to bear;
The gain of the corpse quite a dreadful affair,
For the common law ran that, a body being found
In any man's house or on any man's ground,
That man should be hanged without bothering further,
Unless he could show that he'd not done a murther.
Now, the butcher in order to 'scape this dilemma,
Consulted his wife—her name was Jane Emma—
And, between them, they hit on this excellent plan :
About eight o'clock, just as business began,
They loosed the "grey hoss,"
Threw the old monk across,
And made a great noise with an old frying pan.
Away went the steed down the principal street.
"Stop, thief!" roared the butcher, and followed it fleet.
All Yarrow turned out to take part in the chase,
Throwing stones and hallooing—ne'er was seen such a
race—
Till at last the old horse, plunging into the Yare,
Made an end of the Monk of St. Blaizes the Bare ;
For his body being found,
A jury profound
This verdict returned—"Accidentally drowned."

John's murd'rer, I need not say, "died in his shoes"—
'Twas for killing his wife in a fit of the blues ;
While as to old Peter, he'd very bad nights
All the rest of his life, and saw horrible sights.
Abbot Eadulph, meanwhile, every virtue exhibited,
And the Chief and his robbers were every one gibbeted.

MORAL.

Should chance ever take you to Yarrow-on-Yare,
 Never "use" that snug "public," the Tadpole and
 Chair;

By no means go out to the famed "Robbers' Lair,"
 For the chances are even you won't find it there:
 And, rememb'ring the proverb about the grey mare,
 Take a wife and consult her; and—heed my last
 prayer—

Never be THE DEAD MONK OF ST. BLAIZES THE
 BARE.

John Lovell.

TO PHŒBE.

"GENTLE, modest, little flower,
 Sweet epitome of May,
 Love me but for half-an-hour,
 Love me, love me, little fay."
 Sentences so fiercely flaming
 In your tiny shell-like ear,
 I should always be exclaiming,
 If I loved you, Phœbe dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
 Shed upon me while I sing!
 Please ecstaticise existence;
 Love me, oh, thou fairy thing!"
 Words like these, outpouring sadly,
 You'd perpetually hear,
 If I loved you, fondly, madly;—
 But I do not, Phœbe dear!

W. S. Gilbert.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

A VERY TRUE TALE.

AN elderly person, a prophet by trade—
With his quibs and his tips
On withered old lips—
He married a young and a beautiful maid :
The cunning old blade,
Though rather decayed,
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
With her tempting smiles
And maidenly wiles,
And he was a trifle off seventy-three :
Now what she could see
Is a puzzle to me,
In a prophet of seventy—seventy-three !

Of all their relations, good, middling, and bad,
With their loud high jinks,
And underbred winks,
None thought they'd a family have, but they had ;
A strange little lad,
Who drove 'em half mad,
For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For, when he was born, he astonished all by,
With their “ Law, dear me ! ”
“ Did ever you see ? ”

He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his eye ;
 A hat all awry,
 An octagon tie,
And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,
 With his "Oh, dear, oh !"
 And his "Hang it, you know !"
And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap—
 "My friends, it's a tap
 That is not worth a rap."
(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd say,
 With his "Fal, lal, lal,"
 "You doosed fine gal !"
This shocking precocity drove 'em away :
 "A month from to-day
 Is as long as I'll stay—
Then I'd wish, if you please, for to wish you good
 day."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he
 With nursery rhyme
 And "Once on a time"
Would tell him the story of "Little Bo P."
 "So pretty was she,
 So pretty and wee,
As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
 With his "C'ck ! oh, my !
 Go along wiz 'oo, fie !"
Would exclaim, "I'm afraid 'oo a socking old fox."

Now a father it shocks,
 And it whitens his locks,
 When his little babe calls him a shocking old fox.

The name of his father he'd couple and pair
 (With his ill-bred laugh
 And insolent chaff)
 With those of the nursery heroines rare ;
 Virginia the fair,
 Or Good Golden-hair,
 Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could
 bear.

“There's Jill and White Cat” (said the bold little
 brat),
 With his loud “Ha, ha !”
 “'Oo sly ickle pa !
 Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack
 Sprat !
 I've noticed 'oo pat
 My pretty White Cat—
 I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat !”

He early determined to marry and wive,
 For better or worse,
 With his elderly nurse—
 Which the poor little boy didn't live to contrive :
 His health didn't thrive—
 No longer alive,
 He died an enfeebled old dotard at five !

MORAL.

Now, elderly men off the bachelor crew,
With wrinkled hose
And spectacled nose,
Don't marry at all—you may take it as true,
If ever you do,
The step you will rue,
For your babes will be elderly—elderly, too.

W. S. Gilbert.

CAPTAIN REECE.

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
Commanding of *The Mantlepiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn?
 Lo ! seltzogenes at every turn,
 And on all very sultry days
 Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
 Stood handily on all the " tops ";
 And, also, with amusement rife,
 A " Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
 From Mister Mudie's Libraree ;
The Times and *Saturday Review*
 Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R.N.,
 Was quite devoted to his men ;
 In point of fact, good Captain Reece
 Beatified *The Mantlepiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
 He said (addressing all his men) :
 " Come, tell me, please, what can I do
 To please and gratify my crew ?

" By any reasonable plan
 I'll make you happy if I can ;
 My own convenience count as *nil* :
 It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
 (The kindly captain's coxswain he,
 A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),
 He cleared his throat and thus began —

“ You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A Ma, if what I’m told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

“ Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be
If you united of ‘em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

“ If you’d ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife ;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal ! ”

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain’s plan :
“ I quite agree,” he said, “ O Bill ;
It is my duty, and I will.

“ My daughter, that enchanting girl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

“ But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew ?
The word I gave you I’ll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will.

“ As you desire it shall befall,
I’ll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board.”

The boatswain of *The Mantlepiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece :
“ I beg your honour’s leave,” he said ;
“ If you would wish to go and wed,

“ I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar :
She washed for you, Captain R.’

The Captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
“ And did it want a wedding ring ?
It was a tempting ickle sing !

“ Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We’ll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill ;
It is my duty, and I will ! ”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed Ma of Captain Reece
Attended there as they were bid ;
It was their duty, and they did.

W. S. Gilbert.

HARD LINES.

IT was the huge metropolis
 With fog was like to choke ;
 It was the ancient cabby-horse
 His seedy knees that broke :
 And oh, it was the cabby-man
 That swore with all his might,
 And did request he might be blow'd
 Particularly tight,
 If any swell should make him stir
 Another step that night !

Then up and spake that bold cabman
 Unto his inside fare :
 " I say, you Sir, come out of that !
 I say, you Sir, in there,—

" Six precious aggravatin' miles
 I've druv to this here gate,
 And that poor injer'd hanimal
 Is in a fainting state.

" There ain't a thimbleful of light,
 The fog's as black as pitch,
 I'm flummox'd 'tween them postesses
 And that most '*ateful*' ditch.

" So bundle out ! my 'oss is beat,
 I'm sick of this 'ere job ;—
 I say, you Sir, in there—*d'you 'ear?* . . .
 He's bolted ! Strike me, Bob ! ”

H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

THE OWL'S SONG.

COME hither and listen, whoever
Would learn from our pages the miracle
Of passing for witty and clever
Without being voted satirical !
He'd better be apt with his pen
Than well-dressed and well-booted and gloved,
Who likes to be liked by the men,
By the women who loves to be loved :
And Fashion full often has paid
Her good word in return for a gay word,
For a song in the manner of Praed,
Or an anecdote worthy of Hayward.

And hither, you sweet schoolroom beauties,
Who only at Easter came out !
We'll teach you your dear little duties
At ball-room, and concert, and rout :
With whom you may go down to supper,
And where you may venture to please ;
And what you should say about Tupper,
And what of the cattle disease ;
And when you must ask a new member
Why *he* did not move the Address,
And hint how you laughed last November
On reading his squibs in the Press.

You Pitts of the future, we'll get you
To show yourselves modest and smart,
And, if you speak hastily, set you
Three pages of Hansard by heart.

Whenever with quoting you bore us
(As pert young Harrovians will)
Your last repetition from Horace,
 You'll write out a chapter of Mill.
But if you can think of a hit
 That's brilliant and not very blue,
We'll greet it by piping "Tu-whit,"
 And mark it by hooting "Tu-whoo."

Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark—
 And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
 And I will not deny
In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;
 And quite soft was the skies :
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise ;
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand.
 It was Euchre. The same
 He did not understand ;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve :
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinee,
 And the points that he made,
 Were quite frightful to see—
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me ;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, “ Can this be ?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour — .
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand ;
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs—
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts ;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in taper—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

Bret Harte.

FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS, 1870.

Do I sleep ? do I dream ?
 Do I wander and doubt ?
 Are things what they seem ?
 Or is visions about ?
 Is our civilisation a failure ?
 Or is the Caucasian played out ?

Which expressions are strong ;
 Yet would feebly imply
 Some account of a wrong—
 Not to call it a lie—
 As was worked off on William, my pardner,
 And the same being W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford
 On the very same day
 Of that lottery, drawed
 By those sharps at the Bay ;
 And he says to me, “ Truthful, how goes it ? ”
 I replied, “ It is far, far from gay—
 “ For the camp has gone wild
 On this lottery game,
 And has even beguiled
 ‘ Injin Dick ’ by the same.”
 Which said Nye to me, “ Injins is pizen—
 Do you know what his number is, James ? ”

I replied, “ Seven, two,
 Nine, eight, four, is his hand ; ”
 When he started—and drew
 Out a list, which he scanned ;
 Then he softly went for his revolver,
 With language I cannot command.

Then I said, “ William Nye ! ”
 But he turned upon me,
 And the look in his eye
 Was quite painful to see.
 And he says : “ You mistake ; this poor Injin
 I protects from such sharps as you be ! ”

I was shocked and withdrew ;
But I grieve to relate,
When he next met my view
Injin Dick was his mate ;
And the two around town was a-lying
In a frightfully dissolute state.

When the war-dance they had
Round a tree at the Bend
Was a sight that was sad ;
And it seemed that the end
Would not justify the proceedings,
As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled
The next day to his band ;
And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,
And a dollar greenback in his hand.

Which the same, when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
That that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them figures in red in the corner,
Which the number of note specifies.

Was it guile or a dream ?
Is it Nye that I doubt ?
Are things what they seem ?
Or is a vision about ?
Is our civilisation a failure ?
Or is the Caucasian played out ?

Bret Harte.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire,—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, “the belle of the season”
 Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal, half-spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
 And then he adores me indeed ;
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

“ And how do I like my position ? ”
 “ And what do I think of New York ? ”
 “ And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ? ”
 “ And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds, and silks, and all that ? ”
 “ And aren't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? ”

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the Park, four-in-hand,—
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand,—

If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The “finest *soirée* of the year,”—
In the mist of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”
And the dance that we had on “the Fork”;

Of Harrison’s barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall ;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go ;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow ;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest ;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah ! Joe, then I wasn’t an heiress
To “the best paying lead in the State.”

Well, well, it’s all past : yet it’s funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,

Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste is low),
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
 Whatever's the meaning of that.
 Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good-night !—here's the end of my paper ;
 Good-night !—if the longitude please,—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

Bret Harte.

HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party—
 Which the same I would term as a friend—
 Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
 Since the mind to deceit it might lend ;

For his arm it was broken quite recent,

And has something gone wrong with his lung,—
Which is why it is proper and decent

I should write what he runs off his tongue :

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter

To the end,—and the end came too soon ;

That a slight illness kept him your debtor

(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon) ;

That his spirits are buoyant as yours is ;

That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses

At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer

For once being held in your thought ;

That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer

Than ever by gold-seeker sought

(Which are words he would put in these pages

By a party not given to guile ;

Which the same not, at date, paying wages

Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,

And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,

And the rose that you gave him,—that very

Same rose he is treasuring now

(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,

And insists on his legs being free ;

And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,

Is frequent and painful and free) ;

He hopes you are wearing no willows,

But are happy and gay all the while ;

That he knows (which this dodging of pillows

Imparts but small ease to the style,

And the same you will pardon),—he knows, Miss,
That though parted by many a mile,
Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight dreams of the past ;
In this green laurel-spray that he treasures—
It was plucked where your parting was last ;
In this specimen,—but a small trifle,—
It will do for a pin for your shawl
(Which, the truth not to wickedly stifle,
Was his last week's “clean-up”—and *his all*).

He's asleep; which the same might seem strange, Miss,
Were it not that I scorn to deny
That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
In view that his fever was high ;
But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive,
And now my respects, Miss, to you,
Which my language, although comprehensive,
Might seem to be freedom,—it's true.

Which I have a small favour to ask you,
As concerns a bull-pup, which the same,—
If the duty would not overtask you,—
You would please to procure for me, *game*.
And send her express to the Flat, Miss,
Which they say York is famed for the breed,
Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,
I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P.S.—Which this same intersering
Into other folks' ways I despise ;
Yet if it so be I was hearing
That it's just empty pockets as lies

Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers
That, having no family claims,
Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred dollars,
As is yours, with respect, TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Bret Harte.

"JIM."

SAY, there ! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild ?
Well,—no offence :
Thar ain't no sense
In gettin' riled !

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar :
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir ! You
Ain't of that crew,
Blest if you are !

Money?—Not much :
That ain't my kind :
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim.
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size ;
Same kind of eyes?

"JIM."

Well, that is strange:
 Why, it's two year
 Since he came here,
 Sick, for a change.
 Well, here's to us:
 Eh?
 The h—, you say!
 Dead?
 That little cuss?

What makes you star,—
 You over thar?
 Can't a man drop
 's glass 'n yer shop
 But you must rar'?
 It wouldn't take
 D— much to break
 You and your bar.

Dead!
 Poor—little—Jim!
 —Why, thar was me,
 Jones, and Bob Lee,
 Harry and Ben,—
 No—account men:
 Then to take *him!*

Well, thar—Good-bye—
 No more, sir,—I—
 Eh?
 What's that you say?—
 Why, dern it!—sho!—
 No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold !
Sold ! Why, you limb !
You orney,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim !

Bret Harte.

IN THE TUNNEL.

DIDN'T know Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he's been 'yar !
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been ?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn !
Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,—
Stranger, look 'yar !

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall ;

Then in the darkness
 I heard him call :
 “ Run for your life, Jake !
 Run for your wife’s sake !
 Don’t wait for me.”

And that was all
 Heard in the din,
 Heard of Tom Flynn,—
 Flynn of Virginia.
 That’s all about
 Flynn of Virginia.
 That lets me out.
 Here in the damp,—
 Out of the sun,—
 That ’ar derned lamp
 Makes my eyes run.
 Well, there, I’m done !

But, sir, when you’ll
 Hear the next fool
 Asking of Flynn,—
 Flynn of Virginia,—
 Just you chip in,
 Say you knew Flynn ;
 Say that you’ve been ’yar.

Bret Harte.

A SONNET IN DIALOGUE.

Frank (on the lawn).
 COME to the terrace, May,—the sun is low.
May (in the house).
 Thanks, I prefer my Browning here instead.

Frank.

There are two peaches by the strawberry bed.

May.

They will be riper if we let them grow.

Frank.

Then the Park-aloe is in bloom, you know.

May.

Also, her Majesty Queen Anne is dead.

Frank.

But surely, May, your pony must be fed.

May.

And was, and is. I fed him hours ago.
'Tis useless, Frank, you see I shall not stir.

Frank.

Still, I had something you would like to hear.

May.

No doubt some new frivolity of men.

Frank.

Nay,—'tis a thing the gentler sex deplores
Chiefly, I think . . .

May (coming to the window).

What is this secret, then?

Frank (mysteriously).

There are no eyes more beautiful than yours!

Austin Dobson.

TU QUOQUE.

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.

Nellie.

IF I were you, when ladies at the play, Sir,
 Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
 I would not turn abstractedly away, Sir,
 If I were you !

Frank.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
 Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
 I would at least pretend I recollect ed,
 If I were you !

Nellie.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
 Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
 I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
 If I were you !

Frank.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
 Whiff of the best,—the mildest “honey dew,”
 I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
 If I were you !

Nellie.

If I were you, I would not, Sir, be bitter,
 Even to write the “Cynical Review”;—

Frank.

No ; I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you !

Nellie.

Really ! You would ? Why, Frank, you're quite
delightful,—

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you !

Frank.

“ It is the cause.” I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

Nellie.

Go, if you will. At once ! And by express, Sir !
Where shall it be ? To China—or Peru ?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, Sir,
If I were you !

Frank.

No—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you !

Nellie.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

Frank.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

Nellie.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted ?

Frank.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

Nellie.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you !

[Waltz—*Exeunt.*]

Austin Dobson

DORA VERSUS ROSE.

"The case is proceeding."

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—
At least, on a practical plan—
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,
One love is enough for a man.
But no case that I ever met is
Like mine : I am equally fond
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers ;
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.
In short, to distinguish is folly ;
"Twixt the pair I am come to the pass
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled
 For a soft celebration in rhyme,
 Then the ringlets of Dora yet mingled
 Somehow with the tune and the time ;
 Or I painfully pen me a sonnet
 To an eyebrow intended for Do's,
 And behold I am writing upon it
 The legend, "To Rose.'

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter
 Is all over-scrawled with her head),
 If I fancy at last that I've got her,
 It turns to her rival instead ;
 Or I find myself placidly adding
 To the rapturous tresses of Rose
 Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding
 Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma ?
 For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*) ;
 For Dora I'd willingly stem a—
 (Whatever might offer to stem) ;
 But to make the invidious election,—
 To declare that on either one's side
 I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,
 I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,
 My sole and my final resource
 Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—
 Some feat of molecular force,
 To solve me this riddle conducive
 By no means to peace or repose,
 Since the issue can scarce be inclusive
 Of Dora *and* Rose.

(AFTER-THOUGHT.)

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),
 Not quite so delightful as Rose,—
 Not wholly so charming as Dora,—
 Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—
 As the claims of the others are equal,—
 And flight—in the main—is the best,—
 That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel
 Is easily guessed.

Austin Dobson.

THE POET AND THE CRITICS.

IF those who wield the Rod forget,
 'Tis truly—*Quis custodiet?*
 A certain Bard (as Bards will do)
 Dressed up his Poems for Review.
 His Type was plain, his Title clear ;
 His Frontispiece by FOURDRINIER.
 Moreover, he had on the Back
 A sort of sheepskin Zodiac ;—
 A Mask, a Harp, an Owl,—in fine,
 A neat and “classical” Design.
 But the *in*-Side?—Well, good or bad,
 The Inside was the best he had :
 Much Memory,—more Imitation ;—
 Some Accidents of Inspiration ;—
 Some Essays in that finer Fashion
 Where Fancy takes the place of Passion ;—
 And some (of course) more roughly wrought,
 To catch the advocates of Thought.

In the less-crowded Age of Anne
Our Bard had been a favoured man ;
Fortune, more chary with the Sickle,
Had ranked him next to GARTH or TICKELL ;—
He might have even dared to hope
A Line's Malignity from POPE !
But now, when Folks are hard to please,
And Poets are as thick as—Peas,
The Fates are not so prone to flatter,
Unless, indeed, a Friend . . . No Matter.

The Book, then, had a minor Credit :
The Critics took, and doubtless read it.
Said A.—*These little Songs display
No lyric Gift ; but still a Ray,—
A Promise. They will do no Harm.*
'Twas kindly, if not *very* warm.
Said B.—*The Author may, in Time,
Acquire the Rudiments of Rhyme :
His efforts now are scarcely Verse.*
This, certainly, could not be worse.

Sorely discomfited, our Bard
Worked for another ten Years—hard.
Meanwhile the World, unmoved, went on ;
New Stars shot up, shone out, were gone ;
Before his second Volume came
His Critics had forgot his Name ;
And who, forsooth, is bound to know
Each Laureate *in embryo* ?
They tried and tested him, no less,—
The pure Assayers of the Press.
Said A.—*The Author may, in Time . . .*
Or much what B. had said of Rhyme.

Then B.—*These little Songs display . . .*
 And so forth, in the sense of A.
 Over the Bard I throw a Veil.

There is no moral to this Tale.

Austin Dobson.

O'CONNOR'S WAKE.

AN IRISH FIDDLE TUNE.

To the wake of O'Connor
 What boy wouldn't go?
 To do him that honour
 Went lofty and low.
 Two nights was the waking,
 Till day began breaking,
 And frolics past spaking,
 To please him, were done ;
 For himself in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 Stretch'd out at his ease was the King of the Fun.
 With a divinity curtain overhead,
 And the corpse-lights shining round his bed,
 Holding his fiddle and stick, and drest
 Top to toe in his Sunday best,
 For all the world he seem'd to be
 Playing on his back to the companie.
 On each of his sides was the candle light,
 On his legs the tobacco pipes were piled ;
 Cleanly washed, in a shirt of white,
 His grey hair brush'd, his beard trimmed right,
 He lay in the midst of his friends and smiled.

At birth and bedding, at fair and feast,
 Welcome as light or the smile of the priest,
 Ninety winters up and down
 O'Connor had fiddled in county and town.
 Never a fiddler was clever as he
 At dance or jig or *pater-o'-pee* ;
 The sound of his fiddle no words could paint—
 'Twould fright the devil or please a saint,
 Or bring the heart, with a single skirl,
 To the very mouth of a boy or girl.
 He played—and his elbow was never done ;
 He drank—and his lips were never dry ;
 Ninety winters his life had run,
 But God's above, and we all must die.
 As she stretched him out quoth Judy O'Roon—
 " Sure life's like his music, and ended soon—
 There's dancing and crying,
 There's kissing, there's sighing,
 There's smiling and sporting,
 There's wedding and courting,—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune !"

"*Shin suas, O'Connor,*"*
 Cried Kitty O'Bride—
 Her best gown upon her,
 Tim Bourke by her side—
 All laughed out to hear her,
 While Tim he crept near her,
 To kiss her and cheer her
 At the back o' the door ;
 But the corpse in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 All done with diversion, would never play more !

* "Play up, O'Connor!"

On the threshold, as each man entered there,
He knelt on his knee and said a prayer,
But first before he took his seat

Among the company there that night,
He lifted a pipe from O'Connor's feet,

And lit it up by the bright corpse-light.
Chattering there in the cloud of smoke,
They waked him well with song and joke ;
The grey old men and the *cauliaghs** told
Of all his doings in days of old ;
The boys and girls till night was done,
Played their frolics and took their fun,
And many a kiss was stolen sure
Under the window and behind the door.
Andy Hagan and Kitty Delane

Hid in a corner and courted there,

“ *Monamondioul !* ” cried old Tim Blane,
Pointing them out, “ they're a purty pair ! ”
And when they blushed and hung the head,
“ Troth, never be shamed ! ” the old man said ;
“ Sure love's as short as the flowers in June,
And life's like music and ended soon—

There's wooing and wedding,

There's birth and there's bedding,

There's grief and there's pleasure

To fill up the measure,—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune.”

At the wake of O'Connor

Great matches were made,

To do him more honour—

We joked and we played—

* Old women.

Two nights was the waking,
 Till day began breaking,
 The cabin was shaking
 Before we were done ;
 And himself in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 As large as in life, was the King of the Fun !

" Well, I remember," said Tony Carduff,
 Drawing the pipe from his lips with a puff,
 " Well, I remember at Ballyslo',—
 And troth, and it's thirty years ago,—
 In the midst of the fair there fell a fight,
 And who but O'Connor was in the middle ?
 Striking and crying with all his might,
 And with what for weapon ? the ould black fiddle !
 That day would have ended its music straight
 If it hadn't been strong as an iron pot ;
 Tho' the blood was on it from many a pate,
 Troth divil a bit of harm it got !"
 Cried Michael na Chauliuy,* " And troth that's true—
 Himself and the fiddle were matched by few.
 They went together thro' every weather,
 Full of diversion and tough as leather,—
 I thought he'd never think of dying,
 But, Jesus keep us !—there he's lying."
 Then the *cauliaghs*, squatting round on the floor,
 Began to *keenagh*† and sob full sore ;
 " God be good to the ould gossoon !
 Sure life's like music, and ended soon.

There's playing and plighting,
 There's frolic and fighting,

* " Michael the Ferryman "; lit. " belonging to the ferry."

† To cry, as during the coronach at a funeral.

There's singing and sighing,
 There's laughing and crying,—
 But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune ! ”

At the wake of O'Connor,
 The merry old man,
 To wail in his honour
 The *cauliaghs* began ;
 And Rose, Donnell's daughter
 From over the water,
 Began (sure the saints taught her !)
 The sweet *drimundhu* ; *
 All was still ;—in the middle,
 With stick and with fiddle,
 O'Connor, stretched silent, seem'd hearkening too !

Oh ! 'twas sweet as the crooning of fairies by night,
 Oh ! 'twas sad—as you listened, you smiled in delight,
 With the tears in your eyes; it was like a shower falling,
 When the rainbow shines thro' and the cuckoo is calling,
 You might feel through it all, as the sweet notes were
 given,

The peace of the Earth and the promise of Heaven !
 In the midst of it all the sweet singer did stand,
 With a light on her hair, like the gleam of a hand ;
 She seemed like an angel to each girl and boy,
 But most to Tim Cregan, who watch'd her in joy,
 And when she had ended he led her away,
 And whisper'd his love till the dawning of day.
 After that, cried Pat Rooney, the rogue of a lad,
 “ I'll sing something merry—the last was too sad ! ”
 And he struck up the song of the Piper of Clare,
 How the bags of his pipes were beginning to tear,

* A melancholy ditty.

And how, when the cracks threaten'd fairly to end them,
He cut up his own leather *breeches* to mend them !
How we laugh'd, young and old ! " Well, beat *that*,
if you can,"

Cried fat Tony Bourke, the potheen-making man—
" Who sings next ? " Tony cried, and at that who came in,
Dancing this way and that way in midst of the din,
But poor Shamus the Fool ? and he gave a great spring—
" By the cross, merry boys, 'tis myself that can sing ! "
Then he stood by the corpse, and he folded his hands,
And he sang of the sea and the foam on the sands,
Of the shining *skiddawn** as it flies to and fro,
Of the birds of the waves and their wings like the snow.
Then he sunk his voice lower and sang with strange
sound

Of the caves down beneath, and the beds of the drown'd,
Till we wept for the boys who lie where the wave rolls,
With no kinsmen to stretch them and wake their poor
souls.

When he ceased, Shamus looked at the corpse, and he
said,

" Sure a dacenter man never died in his bed ! "
And at that the old *cauliaghs* began to croon:
" Sure life's like his music, and ended soon—

There's dancing and sporting,
There's kissing and courting,
There's grief and there's pleasure
To fill up the measure,—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune."

" A health to O'Connor ! "

Fat Anthony said :

" We'll drink in the honour
Of him that is dead."

* Herring.

A two-gallon cag, then,
 Did Anthony drag them,
 From out his old bag then,
 While all there grew keen.
 'Twas sweet, strong, and filling—
 His own best distilling ;
 Oh, well had the dead man loved Tony's *potheen!**

Then the fun brightened up ; but of all that befell
 It would take me a long day in summer to tell—
 Of the dancing and singing, the leaping and sporting,
 And sweetest of all, the sly kissing and courting !
 Two nights was the waking ; two long winter nights
 O'Connor lay smiling in midst of the lights,
 In the cloud of the smoke like a cloud of the skies,
 The blessing upon him, to close his old eyes.
 Oh, when the time comes for myself to depart,
 May I die full of days like the merry old man !
 I'll be willing to go with the peace on my heart,
 Contented and happy, since life's but a span ;
 And O may I have when my lips cease to spake,
 To help my poor soul, such an elegant wake !
 The country all there, friends and kinsmen and all,
 And myself in the middle, with candle and pall !
 Came the dawn, and we put old O'Connor to rest,
 In his coffin of wood, with his hands on his breast,
 And we followed him all by the hundred and more—
 The boys all in black, and the friends sighing sore.
 We left him in peace, the poor sleeping gossoon,
 Thinking, “ Life's like his music and ended too soon.
 There's laughing and sporting,
 There's kissing and courting,

* Whisky, illicitly distilled.

There's grief and there's pleasure
To fill up the measure—
But the wake and the grave are the end of the tune ! ”

“ Good-bye to O'Connor,”
Cried Barnaby Blake,
“ May the saints do him honour
For the ould fiddle's sake !
If the saints love sweet playing—
It's the truth that I'm saying—
His sowl will be straying
And fiddling an air !
He'll pass through their middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
And they'll give him the *cead mile fealta** up there ! ”

Robert Buchanan.

* Hundred thousand welcomes.

The preceding Poem is a literal description of a wake in the wildest and loneliest part of Connaught. Several of the characters—e.g., Shamus the Fool—are well known to the mountaineers and fishermen of that untrodden district, where the old Celtic tongue is still spoken in its purity and the old Celtic customs are still practised, and where the author, in almost complete seclusion, passed four happy years.

THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

A BAGPIPE MELODY.

To the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain
Playing across the heather ;
Backward their ribbons flew,
Blast upon blast they blew,

Each clad in tartan new,
 Bonnet, and blackcock feather :
 And every Piper was *fou*,*
 Twenty Pipers together ! . . .

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
 Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
 The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
 From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
 Father and son, since the world's creation,
 The Macleans had followed this occupation,
 And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
 Since the first Duke came and the earth began.
 Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
 Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
 Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
 Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
 Were the strains of Shon, when with cheeks afame
 He blew a blast thro' the pipes of fame.
 At last, in the prime of his playing life,
 The spirit moved him to take a wife—
 A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
 Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
 And danced to the sound, with a foot and a leg
 White as a lily and smooth as an egg.
 So, twenty Pipers were coming together
 O'er the moor and across the heather.

All in the wind and rain :
 Twenty Pipers so brawly dressed
 Were flocking in from the east and the west,
 To bless the bedding and blow their best
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

* Pronounce *fou*—*i.e.*, "half-seas over," intoxicated.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
'Twas wet and windy weather !
Yet, thro' the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together !

Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
 Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the blessing said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread.
At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age four score,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
Mingling voices, and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
And he took a glass, and he cried out plain,
“ I drink to the health of Shon Maclean !
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
A clean fireside and a merry life ! ”

Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with "hooch" the chamber rang!
"Clear the tables!" shriek'd out one—
A leap, a scramble,—and it was done!
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain:
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilfinnan shore,
Played up the company on the floor,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
Twenty Pipers together
Stood up, while all their train
Ceased to clatter and blether.
Full of the mountain-dew,
First in their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather;
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together!

Who led the dance? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride!
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder;
And they danced, and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairie man!
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in!
And she took her place before him there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear!
So trim and tiny, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,

With a smile that could not be resisted,
She jigged, and jumped, and twirl'd, and twisted !
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,

Then all join'd in amain ;
Twenty Pipers ranged in a row,
From squinting Shamus to lame Kilcroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
Those Pipers played together !
Moist with mountain dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fou,
Twenty Pipers together !

Oh for a wizard's tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that besell !
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd, and set every heart abeating !
Then Shon took the pipes ! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,
With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-crakes under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,

Blew the pipes of Shon ; and the witching strain
 Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean !
 Then slowly, softly, at his side,
 All the Pipers around replied,
 And swelled the solemn strain :
 The hearts of all were proud and light
 To hear the music, to see the sight,
 And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
 At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
 Straight they began to gather,
 Blowing the wild refrain,
 " Blue bonnets across the heather ! "
 They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew ;
 They shriek'd ; like cocks they crew ;
 Blowing the notes out true,
 With wonderful lungs of leather :
 And every Piper was foul,
 Twenty Pipers together !

When the Duke and Duchess went away,
 The dance grew mad and the guests grew gay ;
 Man and maiden, face to face,
 Leapt and footed and scream'd apace !
 Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
 Shriller, louder the Pipers skirl'd,
 Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
 And all creation was whirling round !
 Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
 The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
 Draining the glass in groups did stand,
 And passed the sneesh-box* from hand to hand.

* Snuff-box.

Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu of Kilfinnan shore—
All the pipers, black, yellow, and green,
All the colours that ever were seen,
All the pipers of all the Macs,
Gathered together and took their cracks,*
Then (no man knows how the thing befell,
For none was sober enough to tell),
These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
Began disputing with crimson faces ;
Each asserting, like one demented,
The claims of the clan he represented.
In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
To soothe their struggle with words of love,
Asserting there, like a gentleman,
The superior claims of his own great clan ;
Then, finding to reason is despair,
He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
The gathering tune of his clan—and tries
To drown in music the shrieks and cries !
Heavens ! every piper, grown mad with ire,
Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
And blowing madly with skirl and squeak,
Begins *his* particular tune to shriek !
Up and down the gamut they go,
Twenty pipers, all in a row,
Each with a different strain !
Each tries hard to drown the first,
Each blows louder till like to burst.
Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearst
At the wedding of Shon Maclean !

* Conversed sociably.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
 Twenty Pipers together,
 Blowing with might and main,
 Thro' wonderful lungs of leather !
 Wild was the hullabaloo !
 They stamped, they screamed, they crew !
 Twenty strong blasts they blew,
 Holding the heart in tether :
 And every Piper was fou,
 Twenty Pipers together !

A storm of music ! Like wild sleuth-hounds
 Contending together, were the sounds !
 At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
 Pour'd oil—that's whisky—upon the waters ;
 And after another dram went round
 The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
 Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
 And fully admitted each other's merits.
 All bliss must end ! For now the Bride
 Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
 And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
 While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus.**
 One hour—another—took its flight—
 The clock struck twelve—the dead of night,
 And still the Bride like a rose so red
 Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.
 At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
 Dropped on the table as heavy as stone,
 But four strong Pipers across the floor
 Carried him up to the bridal door,
 Push'd him in at the open portal,
 And left him snoring, serene and mortal !

* The parting glass ; lit., the *cup at the door.*

The small stars twinkled over the heather
 As the Pipers wandered away together,
 But one by one on the journey dropt,
 Clutching his pipes and there he stopt !
 One by one on the dark hill-side
 Each faint blast of the bagpipes died,
 Amid the wind and the rain !
 And the twenty Pipers at break of day
 In twenty different bogholes lay,
 Serenely sleeping upon their way
 From the wedding of Shon Maclean !

Robert Buchanan.

BRIGHTON PIER.

WHICH is the merriest place to love,
 Whether it be for a day or year ;
 Where can we slip, like a cast-off glove,
 The care that hovers our world above ?
 Come and be taught upon Brighton Pier !

Wandering waves on the shingle dash,
 The sky's too blue for a thoughtless tear ;
 Danger is nothing but pessimist trash,
 And the morning's made for a healthy splash :
 Come for a header from Brighton Pier !

Filled with life, see the children race,
 Motherly hearts they quake with fear,
 Meeting the breezes face to face !
 Whether we're steady or " go the pace,"
 Let us be young upon Brighton Pier !

Here she comes with her love-lit eyes,
 Hearts will throb when a darling's near ;
 Would it be well to avoid her—wise ?
 Every fool in the wide world tries,
 But love must win upon Brighton Pier !

Lazily lost in a dream we sit—
 Maidens' eyes are a waveless mere—
 There's many a vow when seagulls flit,
 And many a sigh when lamps are lit,
 And many a kiss upon Brighton Pier.

Dear old friends of the days long fled,
 Why did you vanish and leave me here ?
 Girls are marrying, boys are wed,
 Youth is living, but I seem dead,
 Kicking my heels upon Brighton Pier !

Clement Scott.

A CONTRADICTION.

“Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina !”—VIRGIL.

THEY say she's like an April day,
 All sun and shower, grave and gay,
 Just half in love, and half in play,
 Like other misses.
 Go to ! They tell a pack of lies ;
 For I have heard her heart-drawn sighs,
 And I have seen her inmost eyes,
 And felt her kisses !

They think her laugh is over-bold,
And hint her smiles are bought for gold ;
Dull heretics have thought her cold,

As is the fashion.

Ah me ! when we together stole
Across the weald to leafy Knole,
'Twas there she showed to me her soul
And all her passion !

They vow her life is tossed about
From ball to picnic, play to rout ;
A careless butterfly, no doubt,
That scandal crushes.

What could *we* answer, if 'twere said
That Time and Fate two lovers led
To lily-streams at Maidenhead,
Among the rushes ?

Her reputation shivered most
Last night at supper, when our host
Made her of careless lips the toast
And reigning goddess.

But I, who know my love, dare say
She thought of home, and tried to pray
Before her handmaid slipped away
Her satin bodice.

Your silly worldlings all forget
Her depth of hidden life, and bet
They've never met her equal yet
In fact or fiction.

But I, who love in secret, sit
Unweaving webs that Fate has knit
To bind me to so exquisite
A contradiction.

Clement Scott.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;
 Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

*Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
 Slainte,* and slainte, and slainte agin;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tenderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.*

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all !
 Come, I venture to give you my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from Mythology
 Into Thayology,
 'Troth ! and Conchology if he'd the call.

Chorus.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way
 wid you,
 All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick !
 Still for all you've so gentle a soul,
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control ;

* *Slainte*, Irish for "Your health."

Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

Chorus.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :

“ Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity ?

Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? ”

Chorus.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

WHAT IS LIFE WIDOUT A WIFE?

FESTAL CHORUS.

The Boys.

WHAT is life widout a wife ?

The Girls.

’Tis the bee widout his honey ;
’Tis the hoard by misers stored ;
’Tis the spendthrift’s waste of money ;
Spring and all her song-birds mute ;
Summer wid no rosy flowers ;
Autumn robbed of all his fruit ;
Winter—and no fireside hours.
What is life widout a husband ?

The Boys.

Poetry widout an *iday* ;
 Powdther, and the shot forgot ;
 Fish—and it foriver Friday ;
 Musha ! night widout a moon ;
 Faix ! and fever widout physic ;
 Troth ! and music out of tune ;
 'Dad ! and dancin' widout music.

The Girls.

Then, give over playin' rover,
 Lads, wid Jacky-Lantern Folly,
 Fondly turnin' to the burnin'
 Of Love's beacon bright and holy.

The Boys.

Now, girls, dear, whisper here !
 Where'll we find his guidin' beacon.

The Girls.

In the skies of woman's eyes
 Fondly look, and one will waken.

The Boys.

Och ! then you coquettes unthrue,
 To one lad at last be list'nin',
 Whilst your rose of beauty blows—
 Whilst like goold your hair is glist'nin',
 Yes, your charms into our arms
 Yield, whilst you can still be patrons,
 Or too late you'll mourn your fate,
 Poor ould maids among the matrons.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

JENNY, I'M NOT JESTING.

“ AH, Jenny, I'm not jesting,
Believe what I'm protesting,
And yield what I'm requesting

These seven years through.”

“ Ah, Lawrence, I may grieve you ;
Yet, if I can't relieve you,
Sure, why should I deceive you
With words untrue.

But, since you must be courtin',
There's Rosy and her fortune,
'Tis rumoured your consortin'
With her of late.

Or there's your cousin Kitty,
So charming and so witty,
She'd wed you out of pity,
Kind Kate.”

“ Fie ! Jenny, since I knew you,
Of all the lads that woo you,
None's been so faithful to you,
If truth were told ;

Even when yourself was dartin'
Fond looks at fickle Martin,
Till off the thief went startin'

For Sheela's gold.”

“ And, if you've known me longest,
Why should your love be strongest,
And his that's now the youngest,

For that be worst ? ”

“ Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled,
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first.”

“ If that’s your wisdom, Larry,
 The longer I can tarry,
 The luckier I shall marry
 At long, long last.”

“ I’ve known of girls amusing
 Their minds, the men refusing,
 Till none were left for choosing
 At long, long last.”

“ Well, since it seems that marriage
 Is still the safest carriage,
 And all the world disparage
 The spinster lone ;
 Since you might still forsake me,
 I think I’ll let you take me.
 Yes ! Larry, you may make me
 Your own ! ”

Alfred Perceval Graves.

PRINCE LUCIFER.

AN EPITAPH.

In caelo quies—he is gone,
 Who on the gods warr’d long ago :
O requiescat !—Fairies strow
 Poor Goblin’s grave, nor leap thereon !
 Great Lucifer, the Wily-One,
 Who lied on earth now lies below :
 Nay, saint or sinner, sigh not so,
 His death’s the true eirenikon.

Mephisto—thus the moderns dub
 Him who was once Beelzebub—

Here lies who was himself a lie !
For he by Terror was begot,
Yet never was and now is not—
Grim shadow of a shade gone by.

Samuel Waddington.

THE WATERMAMMA.

“Throughout the whole of Guiana there is a superstitious dread of a strange being, the Watermamma, which, like the jinns of Asia and the jumbies of Africa, takes a demoniacal delight in waylaying and murdering travellers.”

THIS is the Watermamma,—fiend elect
To scare stray wanderers through Guiana land !
Dread Water-Spirit, 'mid the reeds erect
You may have seen him in the shadow stand :—
The Watermamma, when the moon is fleck'd
With hurtling clouds, stalks lone along the strand ;
What is the Watermamma ? The defect
Of those who see, but do not understand !

The Watermamma hath (this all respect)
A multitude of names at his command ;
Didi, demon, goblin, or jum-jum—reject
His creed,—a heretic, thou shalt be bann'd !
While Europe boasts Beelzebub, reflect,
Guiana, too, should have a ghoul at hand.

Samuel Waddington.

PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE.

You may call a Prime Minister "humbug" and "fool,"
 You may toss the reporters an apple,
You may take off your waistcoat to keep yourself cool,
 You may kneel as you would in a chapel.
You may sing comic songs, you may stand on your head,
 You may air your most impudent notion,
You may make Mr. Speaker an apple-pie bed,
 If you only conclude with a motion.

You may put up your thumb till it touches your nose,
 Then spread out your delicate fingers ;
You may threaten a member with beatings and blows,
 And make all your epithets stingers.
You may do, you may say, what the dickens you please,
 You may puff up pill, plaster, or potion ;
You may even suggest that the Speaker has fleas,
 If you only conclude with a motion.

George R. Sims.

SENSATIONAL SCIENCE.

THE rage for knowledge grows apace,
 A pace that quite terrific is ;
To-day the whole of Britain's race
 Devoutly scientific is.

No more in cloisters science roams,
No tyrant gives a knock to it ;
It writes, we rush to buy its tomes ;
It lectures, and we flock to it.

For science now our girls and boys
Their love for thee recant, O mime !
The clown is shunned for higher joys,
And Tyndall beats the pantomime.

The "Institution" lectures draw
The babes who once loved merriment ;
And tiny tots can lisp the law
That governs each experiment.

Our laughing girls give up their play,
All bitten by the mania
To hear what Huxley has to say
On Pantagonian crania.

Ethnology bids croquet stand,
And cast aside lawn-tennis is
For Evolution's doctrines and
The charms of Biogenesis.

On Life and Death and Hell (O fie !)
These famous men enlighten us ;
They wing their flight so very high
They positively frighten us.

On all our cherished creeds they fall,
 Without the least apology,
 And hurl the bowl that scatters all
 The ninepins of theology.

We sit enthralled when Huxley shows,
 Or writes about, in articles,
 The stream of life that ebbs and flows
 In protoplasmic particles.

And when the microscope reveals
 What lies in specks gelatinous,
 The timid maiden almost squeals,
 "O dear, to think we've *that* in us!"

Then Darwin says that our papas—
 (Is't science this or lunacy?)
 Ran up the trees with our mammas
 In man's old world Baboonacy.

Our girls, from views so wild as these,
 Half angry and half funky rise ;
 To say they come from chimpanzees
 Does make the darlings' monkey rise.

"Art culture" leads a giddy throng,
 Who ape the strict aesthetical,
 And think the "pretty" must be wrong,
 The "tidy" quite heretical.

The critic's jargon, quickly caught,
 Is lisped by girls at boarding-school !
 And Art's at present largely taught
 According to the "hoarding-school."

Grim Ruskin frowns and hurls his darts,
And lifts his voice to lecture all
On painting, sculpture, and the arts,
And topics architectural.

In Ruskin's page all dip awhile,
For quaint and clever Ruskin is ;
As "pitching in" pervades his style,
The world of readers thus *kin* is.

Like Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, he
Must now and then his quarrels have ;
But all of them the great B. P.
Encrowned with lavish laurels have.

Explain, O Truth, why men like these
Are heroes educational !
Miss Truth replies, "Why, if you please,
Because they're so sensational !"

George R. Sims.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Nightingale.

MAN that is born of a woman,
Man, her unweb-footed drake,
Featherless, beakless, and human,
Is what he is by mistake.

For they say that a sleep fell on Nature
 In midst of the making of things ;
 And she left him a two-legged creature,
 But wanting in wings.

Chorus of Birds.

Kluk-uk-uk ! kio ! coo !
 Peeweeet ! caw, caw ! cuckoo !
 Tio ! tuwheel ! tuwhoo ! pipitopan !
 Chilly, unfeathered, wingless, short-tethered,
 Restless, bird-nestless, unfortunate man !

Nightingale.

Therefore, ye birds, in all ages,
 Man, in his hopes of the sky,
 Caught us, and clapped us in cages,
 Seeking instruction to fly.
 But neither can cloister nor college
 Accord to the scholar this boon,
 Nor centuries give him the knowledge
 We get in a moon.

Kluk-uk-uk !
 Moon-and-star-hoping, doomed to low groping,
 Fretting, bird-netting, tyrannical man !

Nightingale.

Thoughts he sends to each planet,
 Uranus, Venus, and Mars,
 Soars to the centre to span it,
 Numbers the infinite stars.
 But he never will mount as the swallows,
 Who dashed round his steeples to pair,
 Or hawked the bright flies in the hollows
 Of delicate air.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Gross, astronomical, star-gazing, comical,
Hazy, moon-crazy, fantastical man !

Nightingale.

Custom he does not cherish :

Eld makes room for the young ;

Kingdoms prosper and perish ;

Tongue gives place unto tongue.

But we lived by the laws that were shown us ;

In England the song in my book

Was the same as my sire at Colonus

Had sung to the Greek.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Mushroom in dating, ancestor-hating,

Smattering, much-chattering, competitive man !

Nightingale.

Gold he pursues like a shadow ;

Then, as he grasps at his goal,

Far, afar off, El Dorado

Shines like a star on his soul.

So his high expectation brings sorrow,

And plenty increases his needs ;

But the birds took no thought for the morrow,

Secure of their seeds.

Kluk-uk-uk !

Man the great sailor, petty retailer,

Wealthy, unhealthy, luxurious man !

Nightingale.

Therefore his heart, unforgiving,
 Grudged us the down on our coats,
 Envied the ease of our living,
 Hated the tune in our notes;
 And he snared us too careless and merry,
 Or compassed our death with his gun,
 As we wheeled round the currant and cherry,
 And bathed in the sun.

Kluk-uk-uk !
 Close-fisted warden, pest of the garden,
 Hooting, thrush-shooting, malevolent man !

Nightingale.

Little, so low was his spirit,
 Deemed he the bird had a soul,
 Thought that we went to inherit
 Endless repose at the Pole :
 For his soul has no powers of expansion,
 And fears, if she not, to trust ;
 So she makes of her money a mansion ;
 She cleaves to the dust.

Kluk-uk-uk !
 Golden-calf-maker, money-moon-raker,
 Blinded, mole-minded, material man !

Nightingale.

Though not a sigh float hither,
 Crossing the circle of snows,
 Deem not below us fair weather
 Gladdens mankind with repose.

Still the wages of earth he is winning,
Lamentation, and labour, and pain ;
As it was in the very beginning,
And so shall remain.

Kluk-uk-uk !
Monarch of reason, slave of each season,
Wizened, imprisoned, ex-Paradised man !

William John Courthope.

A BARRISTER'S BOY.

To the learned young men who are plying the pen
In the Temple, or Lincoln's, or Gray's,
I've a few words to say in a fatherly way
Concerning the world and its ways.

Whatever you've got, and whatever you've not,
And however your time you employ,
Be warned by my fate, if it isn't too late,
And have nothing to do with a boy.

Ah me, I remember, 'twas only December,
When comfort and peace were my lot :
I'd a couple of chairs at the top of some stairs,
And a terrible boy I had not.

I skipped up and down, and paraded the town,
With a conscience as light as a linnet's :
I affixed on the door of my back second floor—
"Mr. G. will return in ten minutes."

But it fell on a day—ah, it's always the way—
 That I wasn't content with my fate ;
 And one night, for a lark, I went in for a clerk,
 On my numerous clients to wait.

That identical night I extinguished the light
 Of my life and the lamp of my joy ;
 And now, early and late, on my soul is a weight,
 In the shape of a terrible boy.

That lad is to me an Old Man of the Sea—
 And if I'm to tell you the truth,
 I shall ever regret the dread day when I met
 That unique and remarkable youth.

It's not that he's bad : he's the best to be had :
 His conduct is equalled by few ;
 But the whole of my life is one wearisome strife
 To find that boy something to do.

If I send him on journeys to mystic attorneys,
 He runs as if running a race ;
 If I keep him indoors, at his writing he pores
 Till he's perfectly black in the face.

He's so awfully good, he does all that he should,
 And nothing a little boy shouldn't :
 It may be a shame, but I wish all the same
 That phenomenal little boy wouldn't.

If he'd only be bad, like a sensible lad,
 And idle, and dawdle, and play,
 You can scarcely divine what delight would be mine,
 For then I could send him away.

But alas, it's no use to desire an excuse
For turning him out of employ :
How could I for-shame to destroy the good name
Of that weird and exemplary boy ?

I'm the man in the fable who found he was able
To fashion a monster, and did ;
When his monster was made, for his folly he paid :
Of his monster he couldn't get rid.

I've just sent him out, a long errand about,
Which the whole of the day will employ—
There's a step on the stair—why, there's somebody
there—
I'll be hanged if it isn't that boy !

Sydney Grundy.

WAITING FOR THE DENTIST.

THOUGH many dismal years I've been
To dull old Care apprenticed,
The worst of the small woes I've seen
Is—waiting for the dentist !

How dreary is the cheerless room
In which you bide his pleasure,
The very chairs seem steeped in gloom,
And sorrow without measure.

As if so wild mute-molar grief,
So uncontrolled its swelling,—
That its fierce tide had sought relief
By deluging the dwelling.

What though of literature a store
Is lying on the table,
You only think the books a bore ;
To read you are unable.

What from the windows though, perchance,
You see forms full of graces,
They merely make you look askance,
And think how sore your face is.

On many chairs and sofas, too,
More martyrs round you languish,
You glance at them, they glance at you,
And give a groan of anguish.

You deem it hard, their turn arrives
Before you in rotation,
Or they wax wroth that yours deprives
Their case of consolation.

You muse upon the ruthless wrench
Which buys a tooth's departing—
Or how the stopping-pangs to quench,
In which you may be starting ;

Or haply on these ivory chips
Harsh Nature may deny you,—
But which the “golden key” equips
Man’s genius to supply you.

No words your mood of mind express,
A mood devoid of quiet,—
In which pain, pleasure, and distress
Mingle in hopeless riot.

Yes, though much sorrow one must know,
While to old Care apprenticed,
The greatest unheroic woe
Is—waiting for the dentist.

H. T. Mackenzie Bell.

DOUBLE AND QUILTS.

BELINDA maddened by her maid,
A-courtning nightly in the shade,
Resolved that she would be obeyed,
And over-zealous
(Almost jealous,
Sal, the maid of course would tell us)
Hid herself to watch the jade.

The stars were out, the moon was bright,
The very night to catch a sight,
The very night to spend her spite
On lovers mooning,
Cuddling, crooning,
Fighting, fondling, and buffooning,
Making love with all their might.

Belinda nigh the trysting bush,
Saw Sal and Sam within it crush ;
She heard them sigh, she saw them blush ;
She heard them laughing,
Chatting, chaffing,
And, oh, shocking ! heard the quaffing
Of the wine of lips a-flush.

Belinda, now amid the fray,
 Half-wished her eyes and ears away,
 Yet helplessly had she to stay,
 And undecided,
 And divided,
 And by very love derided,
 Kept by Sal and Sam at bay.

She nipped her nails, and bit her thumb—
 Oh, how she craved her Charles to come,
 And strike that whispering Sallie dumb !
 If she could reach her
 She would teach her—
 Ugh ! the perky perty creature
 Has the impudence to hum !

Belinda baffled with disgrace,
 Half-held her breath and hid her face
 While something mystical took place—
 Lo, Sam was gliding,
 List'ning, hiding,
 Into denser darkness sliding
 Out of Sal's disturbed embrace.

And why? Well—Charles had come in view !
 “ Why, Sallie ! Sallie ! Is it you ? ”
 Said Charles, and with a leap or two
 He glibly gliding
 To the siding,
 While the others trembled hiding,
 Kissed sweet Sallie through and through.

And Sam ! Well, Sam, he lost control,
 A something fiery like a coal

Inflamed the frenzy of his soul,
And just espying
Linda flying,
He like a battery replying
From her a dozen kisses stole.

William Tirebuck.

A SPEECHLESS AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

THE comp'ny loudly called my name,
“A speech ! a speech !” they cried,
And oh, to ev'ry call that came
What speechless sighs replied !

By shrugs I struggled to infer
My wordless void within ;
But phantom sounds buzzed ev'rywhere
“Begin, begin—begin !”

“Just say a word, a word or two,”
A friend beside me said ;
A word or two !—and ev'ry hue
With me was burning red.

I rose, but oh ! my courage sank
What silent fathoms deep !
I never felt so limp and lank
And such sensations creep.

I stood, or query—did I stand ?
My legs seemed only knees ;
The room and all the table-land
Rolled with me ill at ease.

I stood, while ev'rybody sat ;
They sat, and there I stood ;
I stood and stood, they sat and squat,
And some one bellowed "Good !"

My friend then whispered up my side,
" Come Cicero, begin—
Begin—begin ! " and some one cried
" Hear, hear ! " above the din.

I did " begin "—begin to feel
My tongue full twice its size,
And all the faces round me reel,
And fill my dizzy eyes.

Then " Mr. Chairman—and—" I said,
" An—and, and gentlemen—"—
And that to an ovation led
More hum'rous now and then.

I sighed, I gasped, I made a pause—
How long I cannot tell,
But loud above that mock applause
One voice upon me fell.

" Hear, hear ! " that voice called on the left,
And o'er the smoke-filled room,
While I of all my voice bereft
Stood gloomy in the gloom.

That sad ovation waned, and then
While silence filled the air,
I stuttered " Gentle—gentle—men,
An—and, and Mr. Chair—".

“Hear, hear!” that voice proclaimed again;
 “Hear what?” my conscience said;
 “Hear, hear,” was all the mad refrain
 I had inside my head.

I saw that voice, or say its face
 In radiant ruddy bloom—
 It seemed a sunset in the place
 To light me to my doom.

I saw his twinkling eyes askant,
 I heard his boisterous mirth,—
 Oh, how I wished that I could pant
 My silence in the earth!

I saw a bumper near his lips
 His own good-health to toast :
 “Hear, hear!” he cried between the sips—
 And I gave up the ghost.

William Tirebuck.

PAT'S PLEA.

“Now Patrick O'Brien, you're as guilty as sin,
 And yet you stand there and deny it !

Two witnesses saw you twice smuggle the gin,
 And you actually begged them to buy it !”

“Two witnesses? Och! A beggarly two!
 And are mine entoirely forbiddent?

Two witnesses *sars* me, your honour?—why, pooh,
 I'll bring ye two dozen who didn't !”

William Tirebuck.

EAST END SOCIETY VERSE.

I-TAL-I-AN !

I.

'Tis a knowing age—one very!
 Ever something comes out new.
 Some learn Russian, others Prussian,
 More go in for *parley-voo!*
 I am, too, being educated,
 Getting quite a knowing man,
 One of *light* if not of *leading*—
 I can speak I-Tal-I-An !

Matilda with Giovani's gone,
 But *that* I didn't mind ;
 The only thing that grieved me
 Was the note she left behind.
It ran—“ Never, Jack, say die !
 In *spirit* I'll be nigh,
 Though absent in the *body*.
 Yours, Matilda Fan !
P.S.—It is a fact,
 With Giovani I keep pact,
 To complete my education
 With I-Tal-I-An ! ”

II.

- It's enough to vex a parson,
 That to learn Italia's tongue,
 My true heart, with all its loving,
 'Tilda in the gutter flung.

She will *learn* that to her sorrow,
When her irate organ-man
Shall some ugly phrases fashion
For her in I-Tal-I-An !

Matilda with Giovani's gone, etc.

III.

As they do in Rome she's doing.
It was but the other night
The tambourine I saw her twirl ;
Lothario, with all his might,
Ground the organ—she was singing.
Happy hurdy-gurdy man !—
“Drinking Song” from *Traviata* :
Hers was bad I-Tal-I-An !

Matilda with Giovani's gone, etc.

IV.

Week ago a decree *nisi*,
With big damages, I got.
I am free, and bold Giovani
With my 'Tilda 's gone to —pot.
He has had to sell his organ,
And he beats poor 'Tilda Fan,
That her progress is slow at
Learning *his* I-Tal-I-An !

Matilda with Giovani's gone,
But that I didn't mind;
The only thing that grieved me
Was the note she left behind.

*It ran—“Never, Jack, say die !
In spirit I'll be nigh,
Though absent in the body.*

Yours, Matilda Fan !

*P.S.—It is a fact,
With Giovani I keep pact,
To complete my education
With I-Tal-I-An ! ”*

Charles P. O'Conor.

BURGLAR BILL.

EXAMPLE NO. I.

STYLE : *The “Sympathetic Artless.”*

THE compiler would not be acting fairly by the young Reciter if, in recommending the following poem as a subject for earnest study, he did not caution him—or her—not to be betrayed by the apparent simplicity of this exercise into the grave error of under-estimating its real difficulty.

It is true that it is an illustration of Pathos of an elementary order (we shall reach the advanced kind at a later stage), but, for all that, this piece bristles with as many points as a porcupine, and consequently requires the most cautious and careful handling.

Upon the whole, it is perhaps better suited to students of the softer sex.

Announce the title with a suggestion of shy innocence—in this way :—

BURGLAR [*now open both eyes very wide*] BILL.

[*Then go on in a hushed voice, and with an air of wonder at the world's iniquity.*]

I.

THROUGH a window in the attic,
Brawny Burglar Bill has crept ;
Seeking stealthily a chamber
Where the jewellery is kept.

[*Pronounce either "jewelry" or "joolery," according to taste.*

II.

He is furnished with a "jemmy,"
Centre-bit, and carpet-bag,
For the latter "comes in handy,"
So he says, "to stow the swag."

[*"Jemmy," "centre-bit," "carpet-bag," are important words—put good colouring into them.*

III.

Here, upon the second landing,
He, secure, may work his will :
Down below's a dinner-party,
Up above—the house is still.

[*Here start and extend first finger, remembering to make it waggle slightly, as from fear.*

IV.

Suddenly—in spell-bound horror,
All his satisfaction ends—
For a little white-robed figure
By the banister descends !

[This last line requires care in delivery, or it may be imagined that the little figure is sliding DOWN the banisters, which would simply ruin the effect. Note the bold but classic use of the singular in "banister," which is more pleasing to a nice ear than the plural.]

V.

Bill has reached for his revolver,

[Business here with your fan.]

Yet—he hesitates to fire. . . .
 Child is it? [in a dread whisper] or—apparition,
 That provokes him to perspire?

VI.

Can it be his guardian angel,
 Sent to stay his hand from crime?

[In a tone of awe.]

He could wish she had selected,
 Some more seasonable time!

[Touch of peevish discontent here.]

VII.

"Go away!" he whispers hoarsely,
 "Burglarshev their bread to earn.
 I don't need no Gordian angel
 Givin' of me sech a turn!"

[Shudder here, and retreat, shielding eyes with hand.]

[Now change your manner to a naïve surprise; this, in spite of anything we may have said previously, is in this particular instance, NOT best indicated by a shrill falsetto.

VIII.

But the blue eyes open wider,
Ruby lips reveal their pearl ;

[This must not be taken to refer to the Burglar.

" I is not a Garden anzel,
Only—dust a yickle dirl !

[Be particularly artless here and through next stanza.

IX.

" On the thtairs to thit I'm doin'
Till the tarts and dellies tum ;
Partinthon (our butler) alwayth
Thaves for Baby Bella thome !

X.

" Poor man, 'oo is yookin' 'ungwy—
Leave 'oo burgling fings up dere ;
Tum viz me and share the sweeties,
Thitting on the bottom thtair !"

[In rendering the above the young Reciter should strive to be idiomatic without ever becoming idiotic — which is not so easy as might be imagined.

XI.

" Reely, Miss, you must excoose me ! "
 Says the Burglar with a jerk :

[Indicate embarrassment here by smoothing down
 the folds of your gown, and swaying awk-
 wardly.]

" Dooty calls, and time is pressing;
 I must set about my work ! "

[This with a gruff conscientiousness.]

XII.

[Now assume your wide-eyed innocence again.]

" Is 'oo work to bweak in houses ?
 Nana told me so, I'm sure !
 Will 'oo if 'oo can manage
 To bweak in my doll's house door ?

XIII.

" I tan never det it undone,
 So my dollies tan't det out ;
 They don't yike the fwont to open
 Every time they'd walk about !

XIV.

" Twy, and—if 'oo does it nithely—
 When I'm thent uphtairs to thleep,

[Don't overdo the lisp.]

I will bwing 'oo up thome doodies,
 'Oo shall have them all—to keep !'

XV.

[Pause here ; then, with intense feeling and sympathy—
 Off the little "angel" flutters ;

[Delicate stress on "angel."]

But the burglar—wipes his brow.
 He is wholly unaccustomed
 To a kindly greeting now !

[Tremble in voice here.]

XVI.

Never with a smile of welcome
 Has he seen his entrance met !
 Nobody—except the policeman— [Bitterly.
 Ever wanted him as yet !

XVII.

Many a stately home he's entered,
 But, with unobtrusive tact,
 He has ne'er, in paying visits,
 Called attention to the fact.

XVIII.

Gain he counts it, on departing,
 Should he have avoided strife.

[In tone of passionate lament—

Ah, my Brothers, but the Burglar's
 Is a sad, a lonely life !

XIX.

All forgotten now the jewels,
 Once the purpose of his “job” ;
 Down he sinks upon the door-mat,
 With a deep and choking sob.

XX.

Then, the infant’s plea recalling,
 Seeks the nursery above ;
 Looking for the Lilliputian
 Crib he is to crack—for *love* !

[*It is more usually done for MONEY.*

XXI.

In the corner stands the Dolls’-house,
 Gaily painted green and red ;
[Colouring again here.]
 And its door declines to open,
 Even as the child has said !

XXII.

Forth come centre-bit and jemmy : [*Briskly.*]
 All his implements are plied ;
[Enthusiastically—]
 Never has he burgled better !
 As he feels, with honest pride.

XXIII.

Destly is the task accomplished,
 For the door will open well ;
 When—a childish voice behind him
 Breaks the silence—like a bell.

XXIV.

"Sank 'oo, Misser Burglar, sank 'oo !
And, betause 'oo's been so nice,
See what I have dot—a tartlet !
Gweat big gweedies ate the ice."

[*Resentful accent on "ate."*]

XXV.

"Papa says he wants to see 'oo,
Partinthon is tummin too—
Tan't 'oo wait !"

[*This with guileless surprise—then change to a husky emotion.*]

—— “ Well, *not* this evenin',
So, my little dear,—[brusquely], a doo ! ”

XXVI.

[*You are now to produce your greatest effect ; the audience should be made actually to SEE the poor hunted victim of social prejudice escaping, consoled in the very act of flight by memories of this last adventure—the one bright and cheering episode, possibly, in his entire professional career.*]

Fast he speeds across the housetops !—

[*Rapid delivery for this.*]

[*Very gently.*] But his bosom throbs with bliss,
For upon his rough lips linger
Traces of a baby's kiss.

[Most delicate treatment will be necessary in the last couplet—or the audience may understand it in a painfully literal sense.

[You have nothing before you now but the finale.
Make the contrast as marked as possible.

XXVII.

Dreamily on downy pillow

[Soft musical intonation for this.

Baby Bella murmurs sweet :

[Smile here with sleepy tenderness.

“ Burglar—tum adain, and thee me . . .
I will dive ‘oo cakes to eat !”

[That is one side of the medal!—now for the other.

XXVIII.

[Harsh but emotional.

In a garret, worn, and weary,
Burglar Bill has sunk to rest,
Clasping tenderly a damson-
Tartlet to his burly breast.

[Dwell lovingly upon the word “tartlet”—which you should press home upon every one of your hearers, remembering to fold your hands lightly over your breast as you conclude. If you do not find that several susceptible and eligible bachelors have been knocked completely out of time by this little recitation, you will have made less progress in your Art than may be confidently anticipated.

F. Anstey.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

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ANSTEY, F.—This is the *nom de plume* of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, who was born at Kensington in 1856, and educated at King's College School and Trinity House, Cambridge, graduating in 1879. He was called to the bar (Middle Temple) in 1880. He has been prominently identified with *Punch* of late years, and it was to the columns of that journal in 1888 he contributed "Burglar Bill and other pieces, for the use of the young reciter, with introduction, remarks, and stage directions," since reprinted in book form. He is the author of *Vice Versâ*, *The Giant's Robe*, *A Fallen Idol*, etc. His latest story is *The Puriah*, of which the *Saturday Review* recently said, "Nothing that polish and finish, cleverness, humour, wit, and sarcasm can give is left out." The editor is indebted to Messrs. Bradbury & Agnew for permission to reprint "Burglar Bill" . . . 274

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, was born at Bath in 1797. He spent some years in training both for the legal profession and for the church, but his attention was diverted to literature. His first important work was *Rough Sketches of Bath*. In 1827 he published two novels, *The Aylmers* and

A Legend of Killarney, and about this time also appeared several volumes of poems and songs. He was the author of many dramatic pieces, some of which were successfully produced. He died in 1839

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BELL, H. T. MACKENZIE, was born in Liverpool, March 2nd, 1856. *The Keeping of the Vow, and other Verses* was published in 1879, and was followed in 1882 by *Verses of Varied Life*, and in 1883 by *Old Year Leaves*. Mr. Bell's most recent and important production is *A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead*. He is now preparing for Messrs. Chatto & Windus *Half-Hours with the Best Novelists of the Century*, a collection of choice readings from the finest novels, edited with critical and biographical notes

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BLACKIE, JOHN STUART, the son of an Aberdeen banker, was born in 1809. He was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1834. He however turned his attention to literature, in which he has long been a considerable figure. An early student of Goethe, he published a metrical translation of "Faust" in 1834. He occupied the chair of Latin literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen, from 1841 till 1852, when he was elected to the chair of Greek in Edinburgh University, a position which he resigned in 1882. In *The Natural History of Atheism* (1877) he makes a vigorous defence of theism against modern atheistic and agnostic tendencies. He has put forward practical addresses to young men. During the war between France and Germany he published *War Songs of the Germans* (1870), with historical sketches, in which he supported the Germans with an enthusiasm with which every one is familiar. He has written on

the literature and language of Scotland, and in
1882 he published *Altavona, or Fact and Fiction*
from my Life in the Highlands 117

BLAKE, WILLIAM, designer, painter, engraver, and poet, was born in London on November 28, 1757, and died there on August 12, 1827. Among his works are *Poetical Sketches* (1783), *Songs of Innocence* (1789), the best known of all his works, *The Book of Thel* (1789), *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790), *Ideas of Good and Evil*, poems of no fixed date, collected by Dante Gabriel Rossetti from a manuscript note-book, *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, *America* (1793), *Songs of Experience* (1794), *Europe* (1794), *The Song of Los* (1795), the designs to Young's *Night Thoughts* (1796), *Jerusalem* (1804), *Milton* (1804), designs to Blair's *Grave* (1804-5), the picture of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims* (1807), *Inventions to the Book of Job* (1826), including an extraordinary design of the Sons of God singing together. Blake was studying Dante and preparing designs for the *Inferno* when he died 14

BLANCHARD, SAMUEL LAMAN, who was born in 1804, commenced life as a reader in a newspaper office. He became editor, in turn, of the *Monthly Magazine*, *The True Sun*, *The Constitutional*, *The Court Journal*, and *The Courier*, an evening newspaper. He was the intimate associate of most of the leading literary men of his time, and he enjoyed a high reputation both as a journalist and as a writer of verse, yet beyond a little volume of poems published in his twenty-fourth year, no collected edition of his works appeared until 1876, when Messrs. Chatto & Windus published the *Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard*, edited by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. It is from this book that the

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poems in the present collection are taken. He
died in 1845

BROUGH, ROBERT BARNABAS, was born in London in 1828. His early life was spent in the North of England, where he tried several avocations before turning to literature. After an effort to "run," as the phrase goes, the *Liverpool Lion*, he wrote, in conjunction with his brother William, a burlesque on the *Tempest* called the *Enchanted Isle*. The piece contained a fund of genuine humour, and attracted a good deal of attention at the time. The result was not, however, the most happy. Robert Brough found access to green-rooms and the circles of literary friends, and precious time was spent in such a way which might have been, as his friend Mr. George Augustus Sala says, spent vastly more profitably in any library of decent dimensions. His *Songs of the "Governing Classes"* are still treasured pieces by those most familiar with them, and his volume of translations of Beranger—dedicated in affectionate terms to Dante Gabriel Rossetti—earned for him a lasting reputation. He contributed to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, and during this period wrote the charming and quaintly humorous poem, "Neighbour Nelly." *Marston Lynch, his life and times; his friends and enemies; his victories and defeats; his kicks and half-pence*, first appeared in the pages of *The Train*, a monthly magazine started in 1856. Brough died June 26th, 1860. Mrs. R. S. Boleyn is the *nom de théâtre* of Fanny Whiteside Brough, the only daughter, and Mr. Lionel Brough, the actor, is a younger brother. An allusion as to how Brough came to write "John of Gaunt sings from the German" will be found in the paragraph relating to his friend Mr. Godfrey Turner

BUCHANAN, ROBERT, novelist, poet, and dramatist, a native of Warwickshire, was born in 1841. He was educated at Glasgow University, where he became acquainted with the ill-fated David Gray. Without warning their friends of their intention, the two set out for London, where they lived together in a garret until Gray, stricken with consumption, was forced to return to his home. Mr. Buchanan has told the story of this incident in his life with rare dramatic force in *A Poet's Sketch-Book* (1883). His first effort was *Undertones* (1860), which met with a fair reception. In 1865 appeared *Idylls and Legends of Iverburn*, and the following year *London Poems*, which established his reputation. He has achieved a wider fame as a novelist by the production of *Child of Nature*, *God and the Man*, *The Shadow of the Sword*, *The Martyrdom of Madeline*, *Love me for Ever*, *Annan Water, Mait*, *The New Abelard*, *Foxglove Manor*, *The Master of the Mine*, and *The Heir of Linne*. As a dramatist Mr. Buchanan has achieved success in the production of *Lady Clare*, *Storm Beaten*, *Alone in London* (written in conjunction with Miss Harriet Jay), *Sophia*, and *Joseph's Sweetheart*, the two last-named pieces being adaptations of Fielding's *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* respectively. In 1888 he published the poem *The City of Dream*, which has called forth enthusiastic praise. Mr. Buchanan's recent successes on the stage have been *A Man's Shadow* and *Théodora*, both adaptations from the French 232

BYRON, GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD, was born in London on January 22nd, 1788. The dissolute conduct of his father, Captain Byron, brought about a separation between his parents, and a few years after her marriage his mother, taking her son with her, returned to her home in Aberdeen, at

the Grammar School of which town George received his early education. In his eleventh year he succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in the title and estate of Newstead Abbey. He then attended a private school at Dulwich, afterwards proceeding to Harrow, and to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1805. In 1807 appeared his first volume, *Hours of Idleness*, which was severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*. Two years later this criticism was replied to in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The two first cantos of *Childe Harold* were published in 1812, Canto III. in 1816, and Canto IV. in 1818. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, but in less than two years a separation followed. Byron then left England, and in the ensuing seven years published, besides many others, the following poems:—*The Corsair*, *The Giaour*, *The Siege of Corinth*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *Parisina*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, *Manfred*, *Cain: A Mystery*, *The Lament of Tasso*, and *Don Juan*. In 1823 he sailed for Missolonghi, to assist the Greeks in their movement against the Turks, but being seized with a fever, he died on the 19th April 1824

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BYRON, HENRY JAMES, was born in 1837, and died in 1884. He was the first editor of *Fun*, and commenced his career as a writer for the stage at an early age. His first production was a burlesque on *Fra Diavolo* (1858), and this was speedily followed by others of a similar stamp. In comedy writing he was not less happy. His most successful production was *Our Boys*, which was played uninterruptedly for three years. It has been translated into German, Italian, and Russian . . .

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CAMPBELL, THOMAS, was born at Glasgow in 1777, and died at Boulogne in 1844. He received his

education at Glasgow University, and commenced his studies for the legal profession. The success of some early poems, particularly "Love and Madness," induced him to turn his attention seriously to literature, and after travelling for some time on the Continent, he settled in London. He is the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799), *Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens* (1806), *Gertrude of Wyoming: A Pennsylvanian Tale* (1809), *Specimens of the British Poets* (1819-48), *Theodoric* (1824), *Life of Mrs. Siddons* (1834), *Letters from the South* (1837), *Life of Petrarch* (1841), *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* (1842), *Frederick the Great* (1843), *History of our own Times* (1843), and *A Poet's Residence in Algiers* (1845). In 1806 he was awarded a pension by the Government, and in 1827 was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University

CANNING, THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE, statesman, orator, and poet, was born in London in 1770, and died in 1827. His father dying shortly after the birth of his son, George was adopted by his uncle, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford. After leaving college he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, but soon abandoned the law for politics. He was first returned for the ministerial borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, in 1793, and in 1796 was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He afterwards filled with distinction various offices of state, becoming Prime Minister in April 1827. In 1797 he was instrumental in commencing the *Anti-Jacobin*, to which he contributed many political articles, and also numerous poetical pieces. These latter were afterwards republished under the title of *The Poetry of the Antijacobin*, and secured a large popularity. It included many burlesques of

the styles of Southey, Darwin, and other writers, and also *The Rovers*, a parody on the sentimental German drama 13

CARROLL, LEWIS.—This is said to be the pseudonym adopted by the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born in 1833, and in 1854 he took his degree at Christ Church, Oxford, where he has since become senior student and tutor. In 1865 he published *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the work by which his name is known in every nursery and drawing-room in the country. *Through the Looking-Glass*, a continuation of this story, appeared in 1872. *Phantasmagoria*, a collection of humorous poems and parodies, appeared in 1869, *The Hunting of the Snark* in 1876, *Doublets* in 1879, *Rhyme? and Reason?* in 1883, and *A Tangled Tale* in 1886. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce a new book by Mr. Lewis Carroll, entitled *Sylvie and Bruno*, with illustrations by Mr. Henry Furniss, which is to appear in the present month (December 1889) . 179

CHAMBERS, ROBERT, was born at Peebles, July 10th, 1802, and at the age of fifteen opened a small bookshop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He managed this business with considerable success, and was enabled, a year or two later, to establish a publishing business, which rapidly developed into the present extensive concern. In 1863 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews. He died in 1871. Messrs. W. & R. Chambers issued an edition of the poems of Dr. Chambers in 1883. The book is now out of print 84

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, poet and essayist, was born in Liverpool on January 1st, 1819. His father was of an old Welsh family, and was engaged in

business as a cotton merchant. Arthur was in his fourth year when his parents removed to America. In 1828 they returned to England. The boy first went to a school in Chester, then Rugby. In 1836 he gained the Balliol scholarship, and in 1837 he went into residence at Oxford. In 1842 he was appointed a fellow, in 1843 tutor of Oriel, resigning in 1848. He took an active interest in the Irish famine in 1847. When *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, a Long Vocation Pastoral* (1848) appeared, Clough was already known as a writer, but this work did much to establish his reputation. He was in Paris at the time of the revolution in 1848, and in the following year was in Rome at the time of the siege by the French. He wrote upon both these stirring events. In 1852 he went to America, but returned the following year to take up an appointment at the Education Department. In 1859 he obtained leave of absence on account of ill health, but he never rallied, and he died at Florence on November 13th, 1861. *Poems and Prose Remains, with Selections from Letters and Memoir*, edited by Mrs. Clough, appeared in 1869, a new edition of which appeared in 1888. He was the intimate friend of Matthew Arnold

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COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, poet, philosopher, and metaphysician, was born at the Vicarage of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, on October 21st, 1772. He was a solitary, vain, and dreamy child. Whilst he was only nine years of age his father died, and soon afterwards he entered Christ's Hospital. He remained here eight or nine years, and it was during this period that he conceived the idea of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker. Nothing came of it, and surgery, to which he afterwards turned his attention, ultimately gave

way for poetry. In 1791 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, but in 1793, by his avowal of Unitarianism, he lost all chance of a scholarship. He wandered to London and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons, but was discovered and sent back to Cambridge. In 1794 he became known as a poet, and in the same year he published *The Fall of Robespierre*. He became acquainted with Southey, and out of their combined Republicanism came the famous but ludicrous panto-socratic scheme—an attempt in theory to establish a state of society that should be free from the inequality and artificiality of the existing condition of things. In 1795 he married. In 1796 he started a miscellany, *The Watchman*, which failed. After this he became a candidate for a Unitarian pulpit, but the offer of a pension of £150 from the Wedgwood brothers induced him to decline the invitation afforded him. The two or three years succeeding were Coleridge's most fruitful years. *The Ancient Mariner* was to be the joint-production of Coleridge and Wordsworth, but the styles did not harmonise and the latter dropped out. *Christabel* was written about the same time, but was not published till 1816. Removing to London, Coleridge devoted himself to journalism, and lectured on poetry. A life full of the strangest vicissitudes closed at Highgate on July 25th, 1834

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COLLINS, MORTIMER, novelist and poet, was born in 1827, and died in 1876. His principal volumes of verse are *Summer Songs* (1860), *Idyls and Rhymes* (1865), and *Inn of Strange Meetings* (1871). He was also the author of the following novels: *Whó is the Heir?* (1865), *Sweet Ann Payne* (1868), *The Ivory Gate* (1869), *Two Plunges for a Pearl* (1872), *Miranda* (1873), *Frances* (1874), and others published anonymously

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COURTHOPE, WILLIAM JOHN, has written in verse two extravaganzas in which "the manner and motifs of Aristophanes are reproduced with wonderful accuracy and *vraisemblance*." *Ludibria Lunæ; or, the Wars of the Women and the Gods: an Allegorical Burlesque*, which was published in 1869, has attained the greater popularity. In October 1889, Mr. Courthope published, through Mr. John Murray, a very complete life of Alexander Pope in an edition of *The Works of Pope*. The Life has obtained a gratifying reception from the critics . 259

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA (Miss Mulock), poetess and novelist, was born at Stoke-on-Trent in 1826, and died October 12th, 1887. Her principal novels are *Ogilvie* (1849), *Olive* (1850), *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1856), *A Life for a Life* (1860). Besides these she has published about twenty-four minor novels, various books for children, and several volumes of poems, including *Poems* (1859), expanded into *Thirty Years' Poems New and Old* (1881), and *Songs of our Youth* (1875). In 1864 she was granted a pension of £60 per annum 102

DAUBENY, C. G. B., M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., was born on February 11th, 1795, and died December 12th, 1867. He was for some time the professor of chemistry and botany at Oxford, and the poem given in the present collection is taken from "Fugitive Poems connected with Natural History and Physical Science" collected by him but not published till 1869, nearly a couple of years after his death. To this book Dr. Daubeny "added some flowers of his own to the wreath contributed by his friends" 83

DIBDIN, CHARLES, was born in 1745, and died in 1814. He was the author of several short plays and farces,

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but these are almost all forgotten, whilst many of his nautical songs are as popular as ever. He wrote *Tom Bowling*, *Poor Jack*, *The Jolly Young Waterman*, etc. 2

DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN, one of the most graceful and popular of modern poets, was born at Plymouth in 1840, and came up to London early in life. He obtained a clerkship in the Board of Trade in 1856. He first contributed to Anthony Trollope's magazine, *St. Paul's*, and these contributions were republished in 1873. The best of his earlier work is to be found in *Old World Idylls* (1883) and *At the Sign of the Lyre* (1885). He has also written the *Life of Fielding* in the *English Men of Letters* series, the *Life of Hogarth* for the *Biographies of Great Artists*, and *Goldsmith* in the *Great Writers*, a companion series to the present volume 224

DUFFERIN, LADY, the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Whilst very young she published, in conjunction with her sister Caroline, afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Norton, *The Dandies' Rout*. This and a short satirical prose work, entitled *The Honourable Impulsia Gushington*, were the only books she published, her literary work consisting almost entirely in the writing of Irish songs and ballads, which have not as yet been collected. She married in 1825 the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, an Irish nobleman, her only son being the present Lord Dufferin, so well known as a diplomatist and a man of letters. Her husband dying, she married the Earl of Gifford in 1862, but two months afterwards was again left a widow. She died on the 13th of June 1867 82

GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK, has, in conjunction with

Sir Arthur Sullivan, achieved a world-wide reputation as the writer of comic opera. Born in London in 1836, and educated at King's College, he obtained a clerkship in the Education Department in 1857. His work here was irksome, and he turned his attention to law, and was called to the bar in 1862. He practised very little. *Bab Ballads* originally appeared in *Fun*. A few years later he produced several burlesques, and then a series of comedies. In 1875 he joined Sir Arthur Sullivan, the latter writing the music for Mr. Gilbert's libretto. *Thespis* was followed by *Trial by Jury* (1876), *Sorcerer* (1877), *H.M.S. Pinafore* (1878), *The Pirates of Penzance* (1880), *Patience* (1882), *Iolanthe* (1883), *Princess Ida* (1884), the *Mikado* (1885), and *The Yeoman of the Guard* (1888) 201

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL, is the most popular of Irish song writers now living. He was born in Dublin in 1846. He has published two volumes of verse, the one entitled *Irish Songs and Ballads* appeared in 1880, and attracted a good deal of attention. He has also edited a valuable little volume for Messrs. Chatto & Windus' "Mayfair Library," which bears the title of *Songs of Irish Wit and Humour* (1884). Mr. Graves holds an appointment under the Education Department 250

The following poem, which appeared in the *Spectator* (Nov. 9th, 1889), will be read with interest as a pendant to the same author's "Father O'Flynn" :—

OULD DOCTOR MACK.

YE may tramp the world over
From Delhi to Dover,
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,
Circumvint back
Through the whole Zodiack,
But to ould Docther Mack ye can't furnish a paragon.

Have ye the dropsy,
 The gout, the autopsy ?
 Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez,
 No ways infarior
 In skill, but suparior,
 And lineal posterior to Ould Aysculapius.

Chorus.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
 Aigle eye and complexion clarety :
 Here's to his health,
 Honour and wealth,
 The king of his kind and the crame of all charity !

How the rich and the poor,
 To consult for a cure,
 Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carriages,
 Showin' their tongues
 Or unlacin' their lungs,
 For divle one symptom the docther disparages.
 Troth, an' he'll tumble,
 For high or for humble,
 From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety ;
 Makin' as light
 Of nursin' all night
 The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

Chorus—He and his wig, etc.

And as if by a meracle,
 Ailments hysterical,
 Dad, wid one dose of bread-pills he can smother,
 And quench the love-sickness
 Wid wonderful quickness,
 By prescribin' the right boys and girls to aich other.
 And the sufferin' childer—
 Your eyes 'twould bewilder
 To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravellin',
 And aich of them fast
 On some treasure at last,
 Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travellin'.

Chorus—He and his wig, etc.

Thin, his dotherin' done,
In a rollickin' run
Wid the rod or the gun, he's the foremost to figure.
By Jupiter Ammon,
What jack-snipe or salmon
E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or trigger!
And hark! the view-hollo!
'Tis Mack in full follow
On black "Faugh-a-ballagh" the country-side sailin'.
Och, but you'd think
"Twas ould Nimrod in pink,
Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park-wall and palin'.

Chorus.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety:
Here's to his health,
Honour and wealth!
Hip, hip, hooray! wid all hilarity,
Hip, hip, hooray! that's the way,
All at once, widout disparity!
One more cheer
For our dother dear,
The king of his kind and the crame of all charity.
Hip, hip, hooray!

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, the American humorist, was born on August 25th, 1839. When Bret Harte was in his eighteenth year, his father, a professor in a female academy, died, and as a result the family removed to California. He engaged in the gold diggings, but without success. In turn he became express messenger, then printer in a newspaper office, and then editor. In 1868 he was appointed to the editorship of the *Overland Monthly*, and to this he contributed his *Luck of Roaring Camp. Plain Language from Truthful James* was published in 1869, and obtained an extraordinary popularity. Since this time he has published a number of poems and stories illustrative of life "out west." He has held several

positions under the United States Government,
including the consulship at Glasgow 211

HAY, JOHN, was born at Salem, Indiana, in 1830. He is the author of numerous poems, many of which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly*. These were collected, and with some additions were published in a book entitled *Pike County Ballads* (1871). It is from this book that the pieces in the present collection are taken. It has been said more than once that Col. Hay's poetry was somewhat coarse for English tastes, but it should be remembered that for the most part his poems are pictures of life in the extreme west of America, where "the refining influences of good society" are unknown 172

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, was born on August 29th, 1809. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard University, where he graduated in 1829. He studied law, but abandoned all thought of the legal profession for medicine. He took his degree in 1836, and in 1839 he was appointed a professor in Dartmouth College. Two years later he resigned and went to practise in Boston, where he has lived now for more than half a century. Early in life he displayed his literary abilities. In 1836 was published his first volume of poems. *The Atlantic Monthly Magazine* was started in 1857, and Dr. Holmes, in conjunction with such men as Emerson, Longfellow, and Russell Lowell, contributed to its pages. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (1858), *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* (1859), and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* (1872), all appeared in that magazine. *Songs in Many Keys* appeared in 1862, *Songs of Many Seasons* in 1875, and *The Iron Gate and Other Poems* in 1880. Dr. Holmes has also

written on medical science subjects. He visited England in 1886, and soon after his return he issued *My Hundred Days in Europe*. The piece in this collection following the "One Horse Shay" may be interesting as a sequel to the better-known poem. Its author is Charles F. Adams, a fellow-countryman of Dr. Holmes 109

HOOD, THOMAS, poet and humorist, the son of a London publisher, was born about the 23rd May, 1799. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, but on account of ill health he went to Scotland, and in the columns of the *Dundee Advertiser* in 1814 appeared his first literary effort. In 1821 he became connected with the *London Magazine*, to which he contributed several important pieces. The first series of *Whims and Oddities* appeared in 1826. *The Dream of Eugene Aram* was contributed by him to *The Germ*, an annual which he edited for a brief period. He afterwards wrote for the stage. The failure in 1834 of a firm with which he was connected brought about serious financial difficulties, under which he laboured for years. In 1841 he took up the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he relinquished in 1844. *The Song of the Shirt* was contributed to the Christmas number of *Punch* in 1843. In 1844 he started *Hood's Magazine*, and in that same year a pension was granted to his wife. Towards the end of 1844 his health completely broke down, and he died on May 3rd, 1845

49

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH, poet, essayist, and critic, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, on October 19th, 1784. His father was a West Indian, and while he was residing in Pennsylvania the American

War broke out, when his advocacy of British interests necessitated his removal to this country, where he took orders in the Church of England. The son was educated at Christ's Hospital, and when only sixteen years of age his father published a number of his poetical pieces under the title *Juvenalia; or, A Collection of Poems written between the ages of Twelve and Sixteen*. He obtained a post in the War Office, which he left in 1808 to become the editor of a weekly paper, *The Examiner*, started by his brother. For an attack upon the Prince Regent the editor was prosecuted, imprisoned for two years, and fined £1000. After his release *Rimini* (1816) was published. In 1821 he went to Italy to aid Shelley and Byron in the starting of *The Liberal*. Shelley's death and Byron's removal to Greece brought about the collapse of this periodical. Hunt remained abroad for several years, and about this time he produced some of his best work. In 1842 Lord John Russell procured a pension for him. In 1850 his *Autobiography* appeared. He died on August 28th, 1859

LAMB, CHARLES, poet and essayist, was born in London in 1775. At fifteen years of age he was appointed to a clerkship in the India Office, and it was during his time there that his principal work was produced. In 1801 he wrote a tragedy, *John Woodvil*, and in 1804 a farce entitled *Mr. H. Tales from Shakespeare* (written in conjunction with his sister Mary) followed in 1807, and shortly afterwards *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare*. Most of the essays afterwards collected were contributed during this period to the *London Magazine*. In 1825 he retired with a pension from the East India Office, and in 1830 published

	PAGE
Album Verses. He died from the effects of a fall in 1835	23

LAMB, MARY, sister of the preceding, was a woman of considerable ability, but her life was overshadowed by the tragedy committed in 1796, at a time when she was dispossessed of her reason. As already stated, she was associated with her brother in several literary productions. She was born in 1762, and died in 1847

60

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, was born on January 30th, 1775. He belonged to a good Warwickshire family, and early in his school-days displayed rare ability as a writer of Latin verses. *Gebir* (1798) was his first poem of length and importance, and this was followed by *Poems from the Arabic and Persian* (1800). *Count Julian*, his first English tragedy, appeared in 1811, and *Idyllia Heroica* in 1820. Becoming convinced that poetry was not his great vocation, he commenced his celebrated *Imaginarg Conversations*, the first volume appearing in 1824. He wrote several other important works in prose. Landor was often unfortunate in the choice of subjects, and this, together with his frequent resort to Latinisms, has made some deduction from his popularity. It was Landor who wrote, "Death itself to the reflective mind is less serious than marriage. . . . Death is not even a blow, is not even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations." Nevertheless in 1811 he married a girl whom he had met at a ball a few weeks previously. As might be expected, the union was an unhappy one. He died at Florence, September 17th, 1864

81

LEVER, CHARLES, novelist, was born in Dublin in 1806.

He was destined for the medical profession, and took his degree. He went to America soon afterwards, and it is said that he there lived among the Indians, adopting their dress and mode of life. These adventures he turned to good account in *Con O'Regan* and *Arthur O'Leary*. During the Irish famine he practised in the west of the country, where he collected materials for *Harry Lorrequer*, *The Knight of Gwynne*, and *Charles O'Malley*. He wrote a number of other novels, and to *Blackwood's Magazine* he contributed miscellaneous articles under the pseudonym of "Cornelius O'Dowd." In 1858 he was appointed Consul at Spezzia, from which he was transferred in 1867 to Trieste. He died at Trieste in 1872 . 87

LOCKER, ARTHUR, so well known as the editor of the *Graphic*, is the youngest son of the late Edward Hawke Locker, F.R.S., F.S.A., Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. Mr. Arthur Locker was born at the Greenwich Hospital on July 2nd, 1828, and was educated at the Charterhouse and at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1851. He commenced active life in the office of a Liverpool merchant, but some years later sailed for Australia and India. He returned in 1861, and then started upon a successful career in journalism and literature proper. In 1864 appeared *Sir Goodwin's Folly*, in 1866 *Sweet Seventeen*, and in 1868 *Stephen Scudmore*, in which his experiences of the wild life of the Antipodes are utilised. A year later appeared *On a Coral Reef*, and *The Village Surgeon* in 1874. During the whole of this period Mr. Locker was writing for the magazines, and between 1865 and 1870 wrote many of the reviews in the *Times*. He became the editor of the *Graphic* in 1870, and to

the columns of this weekly has contributed poems and stories which have achieved great popularity. "Ode by a Christmas Pudding at Sea," and "A Horrible Tale," originally appeared in the *Graphic*, but are now included for the first time in any collection 141

LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK.—All readers are familiar with the name of the author of a volume of *London Lyrics* published in 1857, but the side heading to this paragraph with its compound name will perhaps be the reverse of familiar. Frederick Locker was born in 1821 at Greenwich Hospital, where his father held a position detailed in a preceding biographical note. For some years Mr. Locker held a position as *précis* writer at the offices of the Admiralty, Whitehall, but drifting into literature, he contributed reviews to the *Times*, at the same time writing the poems now well known in the collection of 1857. These first appeared in the *Times*, *Blackwood*, *Cornhill*, and *Punch*. He edited in 1867 *Lyra Elegantiarum*, to which an essay is prefixed, and in 1871 he published *Patchwork*. He married first a sister of the late Earl of Elgin, and his second wife was a daughter of the late Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart. At the death of Sir Curtis he added the name of Lampson to his own. Mr. Locker-Lampson is also known as an important collector of drawings by the Old Masters, and he rejoices in the possession of a library of rare Elizabethan literature. A catalogue of this collection was published in 1887. The volume of *London Lyrics* has had a very large circulation, both in England and on the other side of the Atlantic. "My Son Johnny," which now appears for the first time in any collection, originally appeared in the *Reflector* (January 1888) 130

LOVELL, JOHN, journalist, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, on November 20th, 1835, and after serving some years on the staff of a Guildford paper, became connected with the *Birmingham Daily Post*. In 1868 he was appointed to the editorship of *Cassell's Magazine*, but in the following year he relinquished that position to take up the management of the Press Association. Having successfully floated this now celebrated news agency, he resigned (1880) to take up the editorship and general management of the *Liverpool Mercury*. Mr. Lovell has contributed largely to magazine literature, and has translated and edited the *Nouveau Robinson Suisse* of Stahl. Of late years he has taken an active interest in the political questions of the day, and is prominently identified with the Liberal party in Liverpool. In 1885 appeared *Municipal Government in Liverpool*, in which charges of mismanagement were urged against the local authorities. In 1886 he established *The Halfpenny Weekly*, and to the columns of that journal for the working classes he contributed a series of articles on free trade, for which the author received the cordial thanks of the Cobden Society. The articles were published separately under the title, *The Great Trial of Fair Trade v. Free Trade, wherein the entire question is discussed in all its bearings under the similitude of an action at law*. Mr. Lovell afterwards wrote *The Land Question*, an exhaustive review of the English system 185

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, LL.D., D.C.L.—The celebrated American poet was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. In 1838 he took his degree at Harvard University, and was called to the bar, but did not practise. *A Year's Life*, his first collection of poetry, appeared in 1841, *Poems* (including *Legend*

of Brittany and *Prometheus*) in 1844, and *Conversations on some of the Old Poets* (1845). In 1848 he wrote *The Fable for Critics*, and the first part of *The Biglow Papers*, and both these works are destined to hold a permanent place in literature. He has written numerous poems and elegant essays, and has edited *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The North American Review*. In 1877 he was appointed United States minister to Spain, and in 1880 minister to Great Britain, a position which he held for four years, attaining on this side of the Atlantic to great popularity. Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him the degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. 125

LYSAGHT, EDWARD, was born on the 21st of December 1763, and though a Protestant was educated at a Catholic school in Cashel. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1782. He took his M.A. degree at Oxford in 1784. He adopted the legal profession, and practised for many years at the English and Irish Bars. He ultimately settled down in Dublin, and became a divisional police magistrate. He died in 1810 2

LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON, Baron, novelist, poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer, was born in London in 1803. Early in life he displayed literary ability, and before he had reached his sixteenth year published a volume of poems. *Falkland* appeared in 1827, and a year later, when *Pelham* appeared, the author instantly obtained wide popularity. A long series of novels followed. For the stage he wrote in 1838 *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, which were distinguished successes. During the busiest period of his literary labours he was returned to the House of Commons in 1831, and spoke in support of the

Reform Bill. He was created a baronet in 1835, succeeded his mother to the Knebworth estates in 1843, sat as a Conservative for Hertfordshire from 1852, held office under Lord Derby, was raised to the peerage in 1866, and died in 1873 90

LYTTON, RIGHT HON. EDWARD ROBERT BULWELL-LYTTON, Earl of, G.C.B., known in literature by the pseudonym "Owen Meredith," is the only son of the novelist. He was born November 8th, 1831, was educated at Harrow, and entered the diplomatic service in 1849, and official duties have since then called him to all parts of the world. In January 1876 he was appointed Viceroy of India, and the feature of his Viceroyalty was the Afghan War. He resigned at the Liberal victory in 1880, was created an earl, and made several vigorous speeches in the House of Lords in defence of his Indian policy. Of his literary career it may be said that his first volume of verse appeared in 1859, and a collected edition of the *Poetical Works of Owen Meredith* in 1867. Since then he has written several other volumes of verse. In 1883 he published *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* of his father. In 1886 he succeeded Lord Lyons as minister at Paris, and the duties appertaining to this important office, frequently of a delicate and difficult character, have been discharged with distinction 175

MACKAY, CHARLES, LL.D., was born in Perth in 1812. He received his education in Belgium, and was a witness of the revolution which broke out in that country in 1830. On his return he published a little volume of poems inspired by the events of that period. This led to his introduction to Mr. John Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

He became connected with that paper, and remained so for about nine years. In 1844 he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, but he resigned this position in 1847, in consequence of political differences. In 1846 the Glasgow University conferred on him the title of LL.D. On the establishment of the *Daily News* by Charles Dickens, he wrote for that journal a series of poems entitled *Voices from the Crowd*, which were afterwards published separately. In 1857-58 he visited the United States on a lecturing tour, and on his return published his experiences in *Life and Liberty in America*. In 1860 he established the *London Review*. In 1862 he again visited America, and resided in New York until 1866 as correspondent of the *Times*. He is the author of the following:—*Poems* (1834), *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions* (1841), *The Salamandrine* (1842), *Legends of the Isles* (1845), *Voices of the Mountains* (1846), *Town Lyrics* (1847), *Egeria* (1857), *A Man's Heart* (1860), *Studies from the Antique and Sketches from Nature* (1864), *Under the Blue Sky* (1871), *Lost Beauties of the English Language* (1874), *Founders of the American Republic* (1885), etc. He is also the author of numerous ballads and poems, which have appeared from time to time in various magazines. Messrs. Warne & Co. have issued a collected edition of his poems. In 1887 Dr. Mackay published *Through the Long Day; or, Memorials of a Literary Life during half a century* 122

MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED, was born at Cork in 1767. By profession he was an attorney-at-law, but, amongst his friends at any rate, he was much better known and appreciated as a rhymster, a painter, a musician, and, generally, a most jovial fellow. He is chiefly known as the author of *The*

Groves of Blarney, the source of the piece in the present collection. He died in 1815 6

MOORE, THOMAS, was born in Dublin in 1779, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1799 he removed to London, and entered the Middle Temple. In 1800 he published a translation of Anacreon, which was dedicated to the Prince Regent. Following this appeared *Odes and Epistles* (1806), *National Airs* (1815), *Sacred Songs* (1816), *Lalla Rookh* (1817), *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1819), *Rhymes for the Road* (1820), *Fables for the Holy Alliance* (1820), *Loves of the Angles* (1823), *History of Ireland* (1827), *The Epicurean* (1827), etc. He also wrote a *Life of R. B. Sheridan* (1825), *Life of Byron* (1830), and *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (1831). He died abroad in 1852 61

NAIRNE, CAROLINA (OLIPHANT), Baroness, was born in 1766, and died in 1845. Her first effort at song writing is believed to be a new version of an old Scottish ditty, sung by her brother at a dinner to his tenantry on the occasion of his accession. Whilst driving through a country fair, she is said to have been pained at seeing in the hands of many of the people a book of coarse songs. She then conceived the idea of becoming a purifier of Scottish songs, an object which she ever held in view. She wrote in the strictest secrecy for a long time, and amusing stories are related of her going to the extent of visiting her Edinburgh publisher in disguise. She is renowned as the author of *The Land of the Leal, Caller Herrin'*, and many humorous pieces 48

O'CONOR, CHARLES P.—So distinguished a critic as

Matthew Arnold has expressed his esteem for Mr. O'Conor's verse, remarking that "his song has gaiety, tune, pathos—*it invigorates*." Mr. O'Conor is at his best in depicting a scene with an Irish background, and his reputation must be considerably enhanced by the publication of his *Collected Poems*, with musical illustrations and drawings . 272

PATMORE, COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON, was born at Woodford, in Essex, on July 2nd, 1823. In the first years of his authorship he wrote for the reviews. *Poems* (1844) was his first book, and this was reprinted in 1853, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems*. *The Angel in the House* is the work by which he is best known, and it is divided into four parts—*The Betrothal* (1854), *The Espousal* (1856), *Faithful for Ever* (1860), and *The Victories of Love* (1862). In 1873 he edited *The Children's Garland from the Best Poets*. In 1877 *The Unknown Eros, and Other Odes* appeared, and in the same year he edited the *Autobiography of Bryan Waller Procter* (Barry Cornwall). A revised and collected edition of his poems was published in 1886. From 1847-66 he was assistant librarian at the British Museum. At about the latter date he bought and occupied an estate of four hundred acres in Sussex. At Hastings, where he now lives, he has built a large Catholic church . 136

PENNELL, HENRY CHOLMONDELY, the eldest son of Sir Charles Henry Pennell, was born in 1837. He entered the public service in 1853, and since that time has held various official appointments. In 1866 he became one of H.M. Inspectors of Fisheries, and in 1875 was sent as representative of the English Government to Egypt for the purpose of inaugurating many important com-

mercial reforms. His literary productions are *Puck in Pegasus* (1861), *The Crescent* (1866), *Modern Babylon* (1873), *The Muses of Mayfair, vers de Société* (1874), *Pegasus Resaddled* (1877), the two latter subsequently forming volumes in Messrs. Chatto and Windus' "Mayfair Library." Mr. Pennell has of late years contributed largely to the literature of angling. One of his most recent books was *Fishing*, in the "Badminton Library" series.

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PORSON, RICHARD, an eminent classic scholar and critic, was born in East Rushton, Norfolk, in 1759. His education was first undertaken by his father, the clerk of the parish, and afterwards by Mr. Norris, the vicar, who sent Porson to Eton. He removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was elected to a fellowship in 1781. He received his degree in 1785, and was elected Greek professor in 1793. He published many translations, his last work being an edition of *Aeschylus* in two volumes. Some years before his death he was appointed to the position of librarian to the London Institution. He died in 1808

1

RATHBONE, PHILIP HENRY, is a member of an old Lancashire family directly associated with the commerce of Liverpool for a period now covering nearly 250 years. Half a century ago his father was the mayor of the borough, and for the same constituency his brother, Mr. William Rathbone—at present one of the members for Carnarvonshire—sat in the House of Commons for many years. Mr. Philip Henry Rathbone was born in 1828, and was first elected to the Liverpool City Council in 1867, with which corporation he has been ever since identified. In London he is chiefly known as an art connoisseur and as chairman of the Walker Art

Gallery, a position which he still holds. The poem given in the present collection is a good example of his style, but the following poem, which has never before appeared, is even more characteristic 149

MY LAST VOYAGE AS MATE.

A TALE FOR THE UNDERWRITERS.

I WOULD sail with the Devil himself,
If the Devil would give good pay ;
But there are some things I dare not do,
Which it makes me curse to say.

I would sail with the Devil himself,
If he would not sink his ship ;
If he did, though the Devil himself,
By G—— it would be his last trip.

For I love the ships I sail in,
They're the only things I love,
The only things on the earth beneath,
Or in the heavens above.

For I never had Father or Mother,
Or brother, or friend I knew ;
I once had the love of woman,
But the woman proved untrue.

I sailed one voyage with a captain
Whose looks were as black as night ;
And instead of speaking he snarled,
As if he would like to bite.

He looked no man in the face,
But glared from the side of his eye,
And always had an uneasy look,
Unless he were telling a lie.

His brother, who owned the vessel,
Had a flashy, jaunty air ;
I hardly know which I hated most,
From the day I saw the pair.

As the ship was leaving the river,
I heard the owner say,
As he stept over the bulwark,
“ Well, then, old lad—good day.

“ Come back as soon as you like,
A short and a pleasant trip,
And whenever you do come back
I'll find you another ship.

“ I've insured this treble her value,
At Antwerp, Paris, and here,
And at Lloyd's I've a pot upon her,
So she mustn't come back, that's clear.”

Well, we cast off the tug and pilot,
But had not been out a week,
When though we'd no dirty weather,
The ship began to leak.

It wasn't so much at first,
But she daily leaked more and more,
And at night I heard strange noises
Under the cabin floor.

So I bored a hole with a gimlet,
From my cabin through which to peep,
And at night I saw the captain,
Come down with a stealthy creep.

He gave one glare round the cabin,
Then taking the cabin light,
He lifted an old chest lid, got in,
And descended out of sight.

I made a bolt from my cabin,
And leapt down into the place,
Came splash to my middle in water,
With the captain face to face.

The captain turned fiercely upon me,
"What the h—— do you want below?"
"Hush, captain," I said, "don't bellow,
Or else all the crew will know."

"A bargain's a bargain, captain,
What do you pay this trip?
And, captain, I'd like to be ready,
When do you leave the ship?"

He flung himself savagely on me,
Said I, "Two can play at that,"
And I gave him a blow on his forehead,
Was more than a tit for his tat.

Down, down we went into the water,
Out, out went the hissing light,
Ugh, it was dark, damp, and dreary,
Our struggle for life that night.

The captain's head fell against something,
I felt it was the knob of a plug;
I seized, and with desperate effort
Wrenched it out at a single tug.

Then freeing myself from the captain,
Cleared the place at a single bound,
And slamming the old chest lid, sat down
To wait there until he was drowned.

The skipper lay stunned a few moments,
I was almost in hopes he was dead,
Then I felt the chest lid bend beneath me,
With the bang, bang, bang of his head.

I let the head up for a moment,
By George, it was not a nice sight.
Sometimes when I've had a bout drinking,
It dances before me at nights.

Dazed with liquor and livid with terror,
His eyes seemed to start from his head,
His expression was madly beseeching,
His hair matted, clotted, and red.

I'd the plug in my hand, and I hit him,
Back down in the water he sank ;
I seized on the bottle of spirits,
It boiled through my veins as I drank.

I waited, it might be ten minutes,
It seemed like ten hours I know ;
Looked, saw something white in the darkness,
Bobbing up in the water below.

I plunged with my plug to replace it,
I was long enough finding the hole,
For the body kept bumping against me,
As the ship began slightly to roll.

Then changed clothes, went on deck to steersman,
Said he, "What's the matter below ?
The captain's more bumptious than usual,
I heard a most terrible row."

"O nothing," I answered ; "as usual,
The skipper's as drunk as old sin,
But I don't think he'll give us much trouble,
I fancy I heard him turn in."

Just then the man said nothing further,
Although he'd his doubts I could see,
But I knew he hated the captain,
And I thought that he rather liked me.

I found I could hardly step even,
As I hurriedly paced on the deck,
And my shirt where the folds met the collar
Felt rough like a rope round my neck.

Till the steersman bent tow'rds me and whispered—
"Whatever has happened to-night,
Remember that I have heard nothing."
"Thanks, old fellow," I nodded ; "all right."

Next morning 'twas known through the vessel,
That the captain's dead body was found,
In a secret hold half-filled with water,
That he'd tumbled in drunk and been drowned.

So we sewed up the body in sail cloth,
And tumbled it overboard;
And of course I took charge of the vessel,
The crew saying never a word.

We'd fine weather, and all went on smoothly,
From that to the end of the trip ;
But the owner did not look so happy
As he ought to receive back his ship.

I whispered a short explanation
That I'd come now to live upon shore ;
Then he pressed a few bank-notes upon me,
And nodded a promise of more.

I'm a rogue and an outcast, I know it,
But I've done one good deed at the least,
'Twas when I sat down on the old chest lid,
And rid the world of a beast.

I live upon bleeding the brother,
It suits me uncommonly well ;
And when I would fain raise my spirits,
I think of him broiling in h—.

ROSSETTI, WILLIAM MICHAEL, brother of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, was born in 1829. He was educated at a private school and at King's College School, London. In 1845 he entered the Excise Office, now the Inland Revenue. Some three years later he joined the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, then in its infancy, and edited *The Germ* during the four months of its existence. His leisure time since that period has been devoted for the most part to literary pursuits. He acted as critic, chiefly of fine art, for several of the important weekly papers, and has edited works for the Early English Text and Chaucer Societies. In 1865 he published a literal blank verse translation of Dante's *Hell*, and his other important works are : *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads*, a criticism (1866);

Fine Art Chiefly Contemporary (1867); *Note on the Royal Academy Exhibition* (1868), in conjunction with Mr. Swinburne; *A Selection from the Poems of Walt Whitman* (1868); *Shelley's Poetical Works*, with memoir and notes (1870); *Moxon's Popular Poets* (1870-75); *Blake's Poems* (Aldine edition), with memoir (1874); *Lives of Famous Poets* (1878). In 1869 Mr. Rossetti became assistant secretary in the Inland Revenue Office, and in 1874 married Lucy Madox Brown, daughter of the celebrated painter. "Mrs. Holmes Grey" is the title of a poem of modern life which Mr. Rossetti contributed to the *Broadway Magazine*. A few years ago he commenced a series of "Democratic Sonnets." Some of these poems are of a savagely humorous character, and "Heine, 1856," "The Chinese Opium-War, 1842," and "Dickens, 1870," which belong to the series, now appear for the first time

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ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, was born in London in December 1830. She has written several volumes of verse for children, which have obtained a wide popularity. A collected edition of her poems appeared in 1875. Since that date she has published a number of sonnets which are to be found in Mr. Hall Caine's *Sonnets of Three Centuries* (1882), and Mr. William Sharp's *Sonnets of this Century* (1886), the last-named volume forming one of the *Canterbury Poet* series. The piece given in the present collection is from Routledge's *Every Girl's Annual*, but Miss Rossetti has since the date of the first appearance of the poem made considerable change in its text .

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SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY, is the son of an Italian gentleman who married a favourite English singer of West Indian extraction. He was born in

London in 1828. He relinquished art as a profession in favour of authorship and journalism, and became a constant contributor to the *Household Words*. He was the founder of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, and for many years wrote "Echoes of the Week" in the *Illustrated London News*. He has long been identified with the *Daily Telegraph*, and has acted for this journal as special correspondent in various parts of the world. He has published a number of books recounting his experiences abroad 153

SCOTT, CLEMENT WILLIAM, was born in October 1841 at Christ Church parsonage, Hoxton, London, and was educated at Marlborough College, Wiltshire. He is better known as the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* and the editor of the *Theatre* than a versifier. The two pieces quoted, "Brighton Pier" and "A Contradiction," are from a happy collection published by Messrs. Routledge under the title of *Lays and Lyrics* (1888). This volume consists for the most part of serious poems, and there are several among them which have achieved great popularity, a notable instance being that of "A Tale of the Dover Express." He is the author or part author of a number of plays, including *Diplomacy*, *The Vicarage*, *Off the Line*, *The Cape Mail*, *Peril*, *The Crimson Cross*, *Odette*, *Tears, Idle Tears*, and *Sister Mary* 247

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, was born in Edinburgh on August 15th, 1771. He received his education first at the Edinburgh High School, and afterwards at the University of that city. In 1786 he was articled to his father, and in 1792 was called to the bar. In 1796 he published a translation of some of Bürger's ballads, and in 1798 of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen." Following these appeared

numerous volumes of poetry, amongst which were *Border Minstrelsy* (1803), *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), *Rokeby* (1812), and *Lord of the Isles* (1815). During the period between 1814 and 1826 were published *The Waverley Novels*, which comprised upwards of twenty volumes. In 1821 Scott was created a baronet, and, assisted by the profits of the *Waverley Novels*, he purchased the estate of Abbotsford. The failure of a printing firm in which Scott was closely interested, in 1826, involved him in endless difficulties ; but, refusing to enter the bankruptcy court and so avoid his liabilities, he declared his intention of paying his creditors in full. To do this demanded a close and unceasing application to work ; and the extraordinary rapidity with which his literary productions appeared during the ensuing year represented a strain upon his mental faculties which could not be long sustained. In 1830 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered. His mind was completely broken up, and his reason only returned to him at intervals. During one of these remissions he requested to be placed before his desk, but when he attempted to write the pen dropped from his palsied hand, and he fell back in his chair and wept. He died on the 21st September 1832 . . . 16

SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL, has won distinction in many walks of life. He was born in 1811 at St. Leonards, near Edinburgh, and educated at the Edinburgh High School. His earliest poems were published in *Tait's Magazine* and in the *Edinburgh University Souvenir*. In 1836 he established himself in London, and his first considerable picture, "The Old English Ballad Singer," was exhibited at the British Institute two years later. This same year (1838) he published his first volume of verse.

A series of allegorical etchings appeared in 1851, and in 1854 *Poems by a Painter. Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, etc.*, appeared in 1875, and in 1878 a folio volume, *William Blake, Etchings from his work, with descriptive text*. A hundred short pieces, entitled *The Poet's Harvest Home*, appeared in 1882, and that same year he added to his claims as poet, painter, etcher, and man of letters, the claims of an architect, by building a hall, in the mediæval style, at Penkill Castle. Mr. Scott was the friend of D. G. Rossetti and other pre-Raphaelite painters

SHERBROOKE, THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, VISCOUNT, D.C.L., LL.D., was born in 1811, and was educated at Winchester and University College, Oxford, graduating with honours in 1833. He was elected a fellow of Magdalen in 1834. In 1842 he was called to the bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn. The same year he sailed for Australia, and for about seven years was a member of the Council of New South Wales. He returned to England in 1851, and in the following year entered Parliament as member for Kidderminster. He has held various offices of State, and in 1868 became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the administration of Mr. Gladstone. His budget of 1871, containing the unpopular match tax, met with so much opposition that its withdrawal became necessary. On the re-accession of his party to power in 1880 he was created Viscount Sherbrooke. He is known in literature as the author of *Poems of a Life*, published in 1885. The first edition of this book owed its publication to a mistake, and contained a great number of inaccuracies. A second and authorised edition appeared shortly afterwards . . .

SIMS, GEORGE ROBERT, was born in London on September 2nd, 1847. He was educated at Hanwell College, and afterwards at Bonn. He joined the staff of *Fun* just after the death of Tom Hood, the younger, in 1874, and in the same year received an appointment on the *Weekly Despatch*. He has contributed to the *Referee* since 1877, under the familiar pseudonym of "Dagonet." The *Dagonet Ballads* first appeared in the columns of that newspaper, and they obtained still further popularity upon their reproduction in book form. Turning his attention to the stage, *Crutch and Toothpick* was produced at the Royalty Theatre in April of 1879. Some of his other pieces are *Mother-in-Law*, *The Member for Slocum*, *The Gay City*, *Half-way House*, *The Romany Rye*, and *The Merry Duchess* (comic opera), but his greatest success has been *The Lights o' London*, which, produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre in 1882, ran for close upon 250 nights. After a lapse of more than seven years the piece continues to find favour. Mr. Sims wrote a number of letters to the *Daily News* a few years back, in which startling disclosures were made as to the condition of the poor in London. Sketches of life in the East-end from his pen also appeared in *Cassell's Journal* (1888) 256

SMEDLEY, FRANCIS EDWARD, was born at Marlow in 1818. He was for some time editor of *Sharpe's Magazine*, to which he contributed a number of stories—*Frank Fairleigh* (1850), *Lewis Arundel* (1852), *The Fortunes of the Colville Family* (1853), *Harry Coverdale's Courtship* (1854), and *The Mysteries of Redgrave Court* (1859) were among the number. He was also the author of a volume of poems entitled *Gathered Leaves*, published in

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1865, with a preface by his friend Mr. Edmund Yates. He died in 1864 78

SMITH, JAMES (born 1775, died 1839), and HORACE (born 1779, died 1849), were the co-authors of *Rejected Addresses* (1812), a collection of parodies on the styles of the various poets who were then living, called forth by the management of Drury Lane Theatre, offering a prize of £20 for the best addresses to be spoken upon the re-opening of the theatre. They also wrote numerous papers for the magazines, and Horace himself afterwards produced some twenty novels 27

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, poet, essayist, and historian, was born August 12th, 1774. Early in life he became acquainted with Coleridge, with the result that they formed a beneficent humanitarian scheme, already alluded to in the note on Coleridge. *Wat Tyler* (1794) was his first production, and from this work it will be seen that he was actuated by extreme Liberal ideas. In 1804 he took up his residence near Keswick, in Cumberland, and during the succeeding years, and after his appointment as Poet Laureate in 1813, produced a long list of poetical, biographical, and historical works. He was the first of the "Lake" poets to obtain substantial recognition. In 1821 Oxford conferred the degree of D.C.L., he declined a baronetcy, but in 1835 accepted a pension of £300. He died March 21st, 1843 39

TIREBUCK, WILLIAM, was born in Liverpool in 1854. After some years spent in commercial life he joined the staff of the *Liverpool Mail*, now defunct. He afterwards became connected with the *Yorkshire Post*, also contributing to several London journals. His principal publications are—*William Daniels*,

Artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Great Minds in Art, and *St. Margaret*, a novel which has had a gratifying reception. He is also the author of numerous songs, operettas, etc. In the spring (1890) Mr. Tirebuck will publish *Miss Dornida Dorothy Holt*, the largest and most important work he has yet attempted. The humorous element will be strongly marked

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TREVELYAN, THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO, Baronet, was born in 1838, and received his education at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge. During a few years' residence in India he contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Letters of a Competition Wallah," and on his return published an account of the Cawnpore Tragedy. In 1865 he entered Parliament as member for the Border Burghs. In December 1868, he was made Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1880 Parliament Secretary to that Board. In May 1882, he succeeded Lord Frederick Cavendish as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From November 1884 to June 1885 he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and for a short time in the latter year, and in 1886, was Secretary for Scotland. He is the author of *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876), *The Early Times of Charles James Fox* (1880)

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TURNER, GODFREY WORDSWORTH, was born in London in 1825. Both his parents had inclinations towards literature, so that very early in life he became acquainted with the great English poets and prose-writers. He commenced life as a painter, but acting upon the advice of his father's friend, Leigh Hunt, he relinquished the vocation, for which he was little suited, and entered upon a successful career as a journalist. His first engagement was

with *The Spectator*, and during the period of his connection with this paper he wrote also for the *Morning Chronicle* and *The Leader*. Later he acted as fine art critic for *John Bull*, and subsequently accepted duties of a more onerous character in relation to the management of that journal. For a while he was on the staff of the *Daily News*, but in December 1860 he transferred to the *Daily Telegraph*, and he has been connected with this journal ever since. He has served the *Daily Telegraph* in various literary capacities, and has gone abroad as special correspondent. He is the author of *Jest and Earnest*, *Homely Scenes from Great Painters*, *Art Studies*, and other books. As in the case of most other journalists much of his best work has dropped out of sight in the columns of newspapers and magazines. More than one good thing of his appeared in *The Train* at a time when Robert Brough, Frank E. Smedley, John Oxenford, George Augustus Sala, William Brough, Edmund Yates, Lewis Carroll, J. Palgrave Simpson, J. Hains Friswell, and many others were writing for this magazine. In the present collection there is included a piece entitled "John of Gaunt sings from the German," by Robert Brough. The poem appeared in the first volume of *The Train*, and was written by Brough at the instigation of Dr. Strauss, who, having roughly translated it, placed his version at the service of *The Train* band just before the magazine was floated. The theme thus became common property among them, and was used by Mr. Godfrey Turner as well as Brough. Brough's rendering was, in the opinion of John Oxenford, equal to the original. Some time afterwards Mr. Turner worked out the idea in "The Tight Boots," which appeared in *Fun* whilst that journal was under the editorship of Tom Hood the Younger. Mr.

Frederick Locker-Lampson discovering the poem "hidden in that conspicuous place," valued it so highly as to include it in his volume of *Patchwork*. At the time of the issue of the volume he did not know the authorship of the poem, but mentioning it afterwards in the company of Henry S. Leigh, was told that it was written by Mr. Turner. Immediately afterwards Mr. Locker-Lampson sent a copy of his book, with a complimentary note, with Mr. Turner's name at the end of the verses, at the foot of which *Fun* only had previously stood. While Brough really translated the poem, Mr. Godfrey Turner merely brought in the dramatically humorous fancy at the end. The pieces included in the present collection are taken from *Jest and Earnest*, a most entertaining collection of sketches in prose and in verse 138

WADDINGTON, SAMUEL, was born in 1844, and was educated at St. John's School, Huntingdon, and Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1865. It had been his intention to enter the Church of England, but this was relinquished when he found he could not subscribe to the Articles. He afterwards, through the influence of the Duke of Richmond, obtained an appointment at the Board of Trade, and it has been during his spare hours that his literary work has been produced. He is chiefly known by his sonnets and his contributions to sonnet literature, and has published a number of valuable books on this subject. The principal are—*English Sonnets by Living Writers* (1880), *Sonnets and other Verse* (1884), *English Sonnets by Poets of the Past* (1882), and *Sonnets of Europe* (1886), the latter being in the same series as the present collection. He has also published a biography of Arthur Clough. It is a matter of

interest to know that Mr. Waddington was first led to make a collection of sonnets at the suggestion of his friend, Mr. Austin Dobson. It will be noticed that the sonnet, "The Water-mamma," is written with but two rhymes throughout the entire poem. The only other sonnets of this description that I remember to have met with are Mr. Gosse's "Pipe Player" and Mr. Edgar Fawcett's "Transformation." Waterton, the naturalist, writes—"There are dreadful stories concerning a horrible beast in Guiana called the Watermamma, which, when it happens to take a spite against a canoe, rises out of the river, and in the most unrelenting manner possible carries both canoe and occupants down to the bottom with it, and there destroys them. Ludicrous extravagances! pleasing to those fond of the marvellous, and excellent matter for a disinterested brain." Another traveller in Guiana mentions it under the name of "didi," or "water-child"—"On our way we passed a deep pool where there was an eddy, in which the guide informed us there lived a 'water-child' covered with long hair." Mr. Waddington has just issued from the press *A Century of Sonnets*, a collection of his own poems. The sonnets are all good, but one of the best things in the book is "The Epilogue," a poem of rare beauty . . . 254

WOLCOT, JOHN, was born in Devonshire in 1838, and after practising medicine for some time, became medical attendant to Sir William Trelawning, the Governor of Jamaica. While in Jamaica he took orders and held a living which was in the gift of the Governor. On the death of his patron he returned to England, and in 1780 settled in London, where, under the pseudonym of "Peter Pindar," his ability as a satirical writer gained for him a front

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rank. He is the author of *Lyric Odes*, *Peeps at St. James'*, *The Lousiad*, etc. He died in 1819 . . . 7

YATES, EDMUND HODGSON, was the son of Frederick Henry Yates (1797-1842), the actor-manager. He was born in 1831, and was educated at Highgate School and in Germany. He entered the Post-Office service in 1847, and for over ten years had the charge of the missing letter branch. He is the author of *My Haunts and their Frequenters* (1854); *After Office Hours* (1861); *Broken to Harness* (1864); *Running the Gauntlet* (1865); *Land at Last* (1866); *Black Sheep* (which appeared in *All the Year Round*, 1866-7); *Wrecked in Port* (1869); *Dr. Wainwright's Patient* (1871); *The Yellow Flag* (1873); and *The Impending Sword* (1874). Mr. Yates has written for the stage, and for several years was the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. He has edited *Temple Bar*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, and *Time*. He visited America in 1873 on a lecturing tour. In 1874 he established *The World*, and the direction of this journal is still in his hands. He has published in two volumes his *Recollections and Experiences* 164

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